

DEC. JAN.

# TARGET

## COMICS

10¢

T  
A  
R  
G  
E  
T



VOLUME 6  
NO. 9



[illegible]





# TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

## The Editors Write:

Greetings, Gang:

We want to bring you up to date on the fine work made possible by the National War Fund, which is a voluntary war agency. More than half its funds are allocated to agencies serving our armed forces. One of these is the USO, the service man's "Home away from home," through its more than 2,700 clubs and units from Alaska to Brazil, from Newfoundland to Hawaii.

With comfort, recreation and spiritual refreshment it helps to occupy the off-duty hours of our men and women of the armed forces—for those who are going to war and those who have returned from war!

Also, to aid our fighting Allies and friends overseas, member agencies of the National War Fund provide urgently needed assistance in many different forms for children, for the sick and aged, for those who have been bombed out of their homes. Medical supplies, food, clothing and other materials are shipped in accordance with needs to areas where they will do the most good. The relief afforded by National War Fund agencies is a part of our total war effort. It must and will continue for security as well as humanitarian reasons.

The work made possible by the National War Fund must go on until the war is over—until our fighting men are back in their homes and the service flags come down.

Come on, gang—back the National War Fund campaign.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS

Dear Editors:

I don't think you publish a hundredth of the letters with criticism. Your magazine isn't too popular with the boys in my part of Pittsburgh.

The Target I know has jumped from airplanes and has been shot at by enemy agents, no person could have been missed as much as he has. The Cadet is hopeless. Get rid of him. Dan'l Flannel is too fantastic, talking to animals, haw! The Chameleon is swell. Speck, Spot, and Sis is super!

Why is this magazine called TARGET Comics, it isn't funny.

Yours,

hoping you'll get a better magazine,  
Norman Schwarz  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

*We're glad you like some things about TARGET, Norman.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I would like to take this time to tell you how much I enjoy your swell comic book. You see I have a heart ailment and I can't run around like other kids, so I spend most of my time reading.

First I read TARGET Comics and then I read the Q's and A's. I get a lot of fun out of testing myself. I enjoy Speck, Spot, and Sis most of all. Well, I guess that's all I have to say besides keep up the good work.

Yours truly,  
Doris Hamilla  
Cleveland, Ohio

*Thanks for your nice letter, Doris.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I live in the country and every month I wait impatiently for my uncle to bring me the latest edition of Target Comics. My favorite features are Candid Charlie and The Cadet.

Please don't ever think of discontinuing these comics. I have just finished the latest edition of Target, and it was swell!

Yours truly,  
Vallure Lindley  
Dallas, Texas

*We're pleased to know that TARGET makes a hit in Texas, Vallure.*

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have read many comics but none could ever compare with TARGET. I enjoy every story, The Cadet, Candid Charlie, and the Q's and A's are my favorites. I think that TARGET is just the right name for it, I don't care so much for "The Chameleon."

Sincerely,  
Audrey Quigley  
Bronx, New York

*Sounds as though you and Norman Schwarz aren't in complete agreement about TARGET, Audrey.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I just love to read TARGET. It is not only a good book, but a most famous comic. My favorite strip is Speck, Spot, and Sis—they are really good.

My brother goes to West Point and I send him TARGET every time one comes out. He says that he enjoys them very much. Now when one comes out and I don't send it to him, he is so mad.

A TARGET reader  
A. D. Robinson  
Roseboro, N. C.

*Glad to hear from a real TARGET fan.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I really think you now possess a one hundred per cent comic book. I don't miss Al T. Tude, in fact that's all TARGET magazine needed to make it perfect. I like your book because it's filled with adventure, action, thrills, and a bag of laughs.

The Q's and A's are a super idea. Hats off to the Editors of TARGET.

A TARGET reader  
Jeanette Karl  
Baltimore, Md.

*Sounds like TARGET rates with you, Jeanette.*

\* \* \*

# Support the National War Fund

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

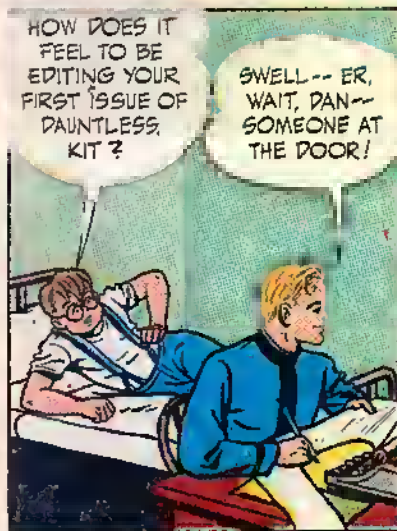
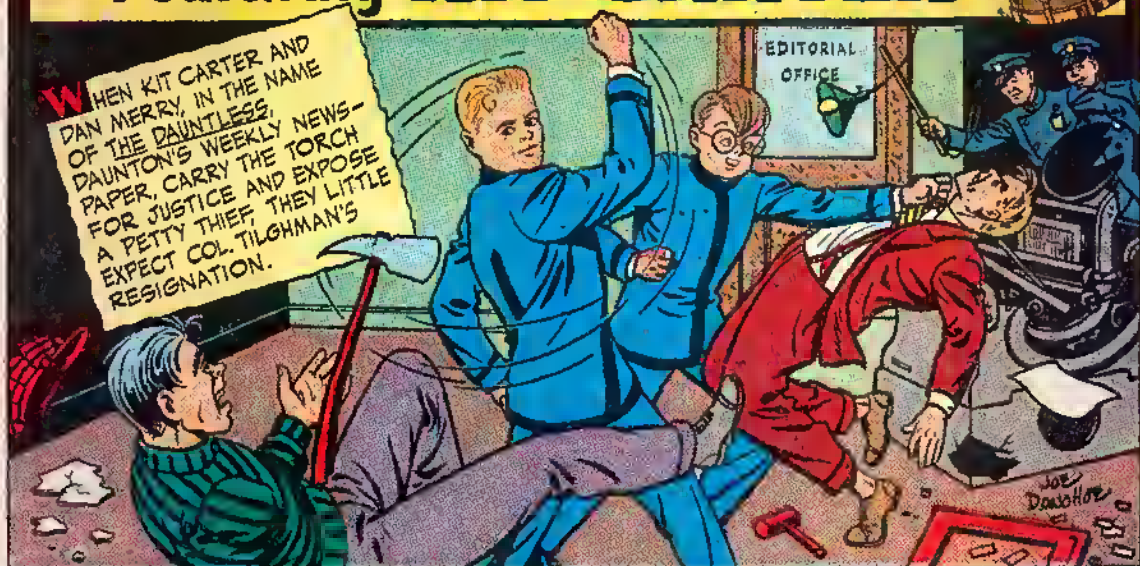
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**

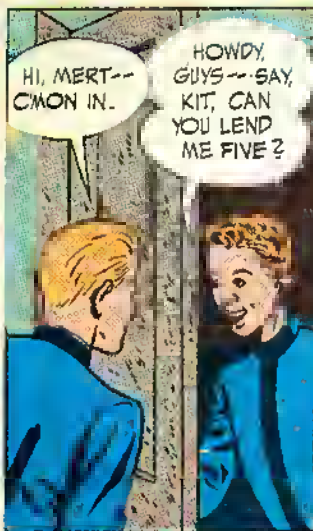


WHEN KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY, IN THE NAME OF THE DAUNTLESS, OF DAUNTON'S WEEKLY NEWS-PAPER, CARRY THE TORCH FOR JUSTICE AND EXPOSE A PETTY THIEF, THEY LITTLE EXPECT COL. TILGHMAN'S RESIGNATION.



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE EDITING YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF DAUNTLESS, KIT?

SWELL-- ER, WAIT, DAN-- SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!



HI, MERT-- COMON IN.

HOWDY, GUYS-- SAY, KIT, CAN YOU LEND ME FIVE?



SURE, MERT. JUST GOT MY ALLOWANCE FROM THE BURSAR--

WHAT KIND OF SCANDAL ARE YOU GETTING READY FOR YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF THE DAUNTLESS?

Editor and General Manager--ROBERT D. WHEELER

Managing Editor--JANE SPAULDING NYE

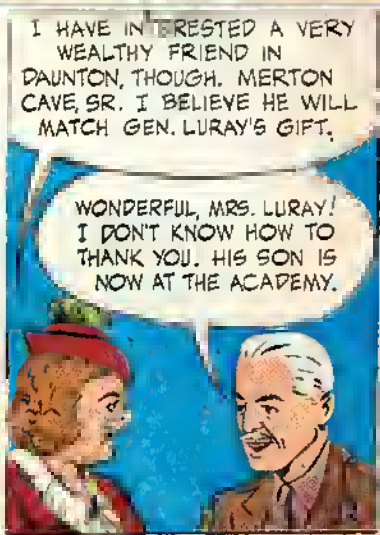
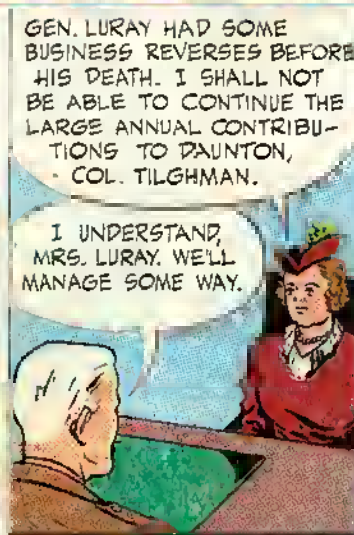
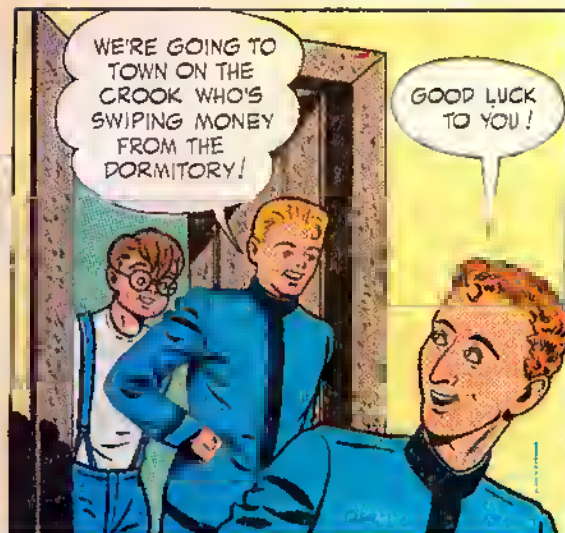
Art Director--MEL CUMMIN

Associate Editor--PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

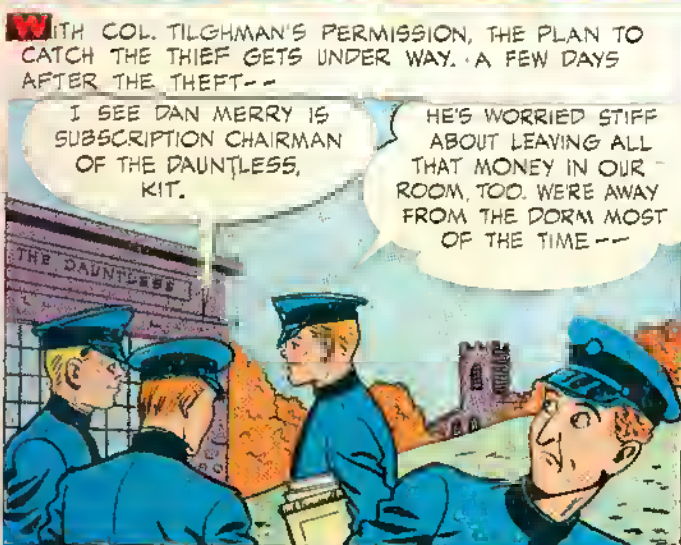
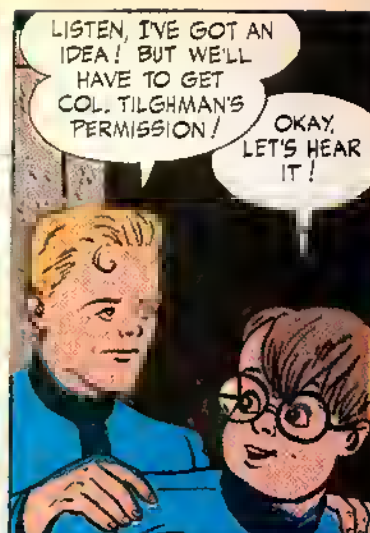
Editorial Assistant--HELEN DOIG SCHMID

TARGET COMICS, Vol. 6, No. 9, December-January, 1945-'46, published monthly, except bi-monthly December-January and June-July, by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1945, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 5, 1939, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

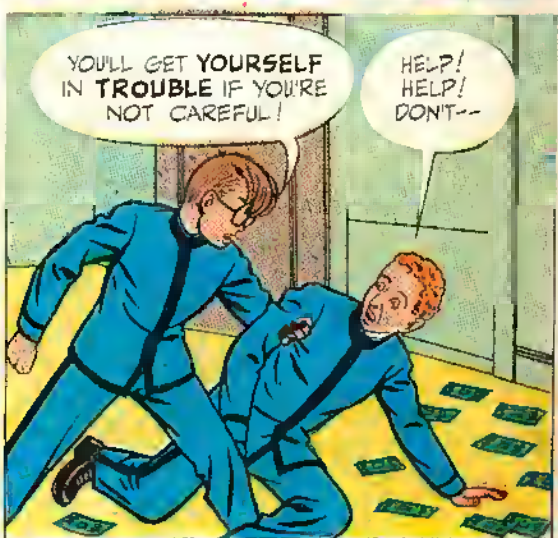
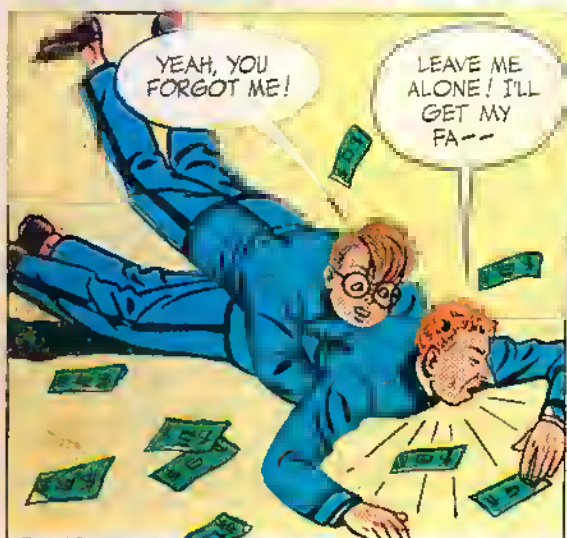
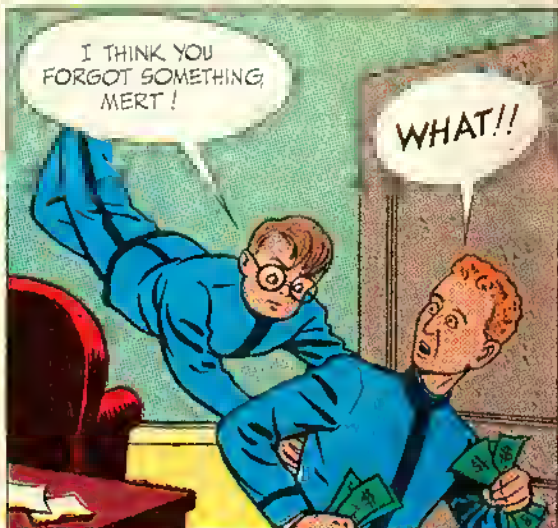




**Q**UESTION No. 1. What U. S. General was presented with the sword of Napoleon?









AW, NO, KIT! PLEASE DON'T! I'LL PAY YOU BACK! I LOST MY MONTH'S ALLOWANCE GAMBLING DOWNTOWN!

KNAY, MERT! WE'LL KEEP THE STORY OUT OF THE DAUNTLESS, BUT THE REST IS UP TO THE COLONEL!

TWELVE MINUTES LATER IN COL. TILGHMAN'S OFFICE.

BUT, COLONEL, WHAT CAN I TELL DAD? PLEASE DON'T EXPEL ME!

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT SOONER, MERTON. YOU LEAVE DAUNTON IN THE MORNING. I SHALL WRITE TO YOUR FATHER TONIGHT!

I'LL FIX THOSE GUYS! IT'S DAN MERRY'S WORD AGAINST MINE! NO ONE ELSE CAUGHT ME WITH THE DOUGH!

MERTON CAVE FACES THE HOME FIRES--

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, MERTON?

IT'S ALL A MISTAKE, DAD! I WAS FRAMED! I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN EXPELLED!

--AND THEY WERE SPENDING SUBSCRIPTION MONEY! WHEN I WENT TO THEIR ROOM AND ACCUSED THEM OF STEALING KIT AND DAN JUMPED ME. I GOT THE GATE!

I NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO UNFAIR! WE'RE BOTH GOING BACK TO DAUNTON!

MERTON'S FATHER VISITS COL. TILGHMAN--

--MAY I SAY, MR. CAVE, THAT MERTON'S STORY IS A PREPOSTEROUS LIE?

AND MAY I REPLY THAT NOT ONE CENT OF MY MONEY GOES TO DAUNTON WHILE YOU ARE IN CHARGE?

THEN, SIR, FOR THE GOOD OF THE ACADEMY, I SHALL RESIGN AT ONCE!

THAT, COLONEL, IS AN EXCELLENT IDEA!

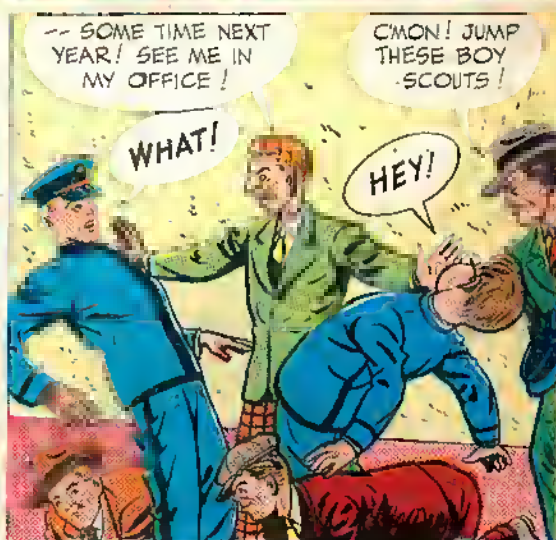
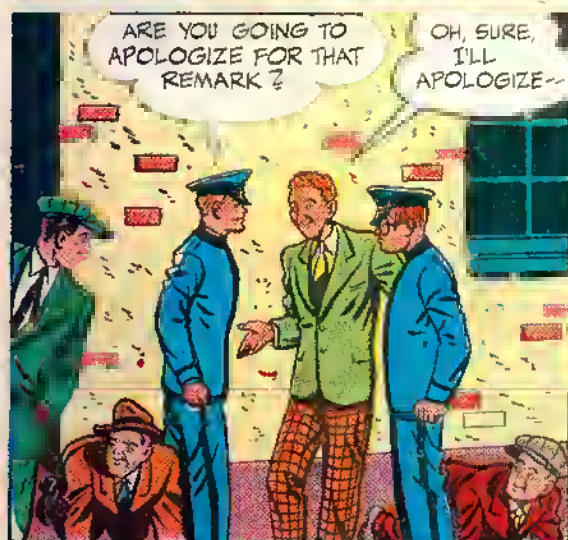
DOWNTOWN, LATE THE NEXT DAY--

OH-OH! ALMOST TIME FOR MESS! WE'D BETTER HURRY BACK!

OKAY--ER--LISTEN, DAN! AROUND THE CORNER! I'M SURE THAT'S MERT CAVE'S VOICE! I THOUGHT HE HAD GONE HOME!

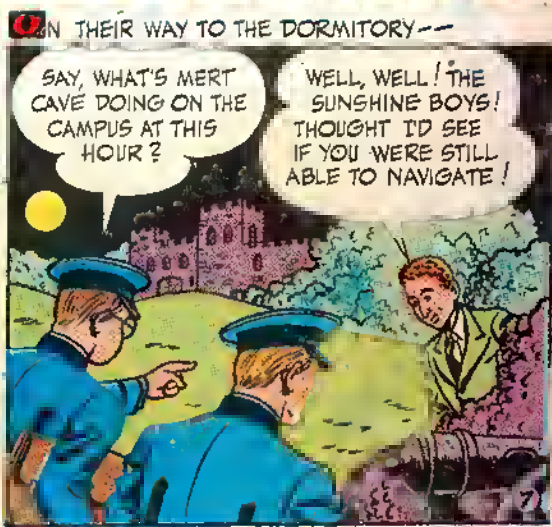
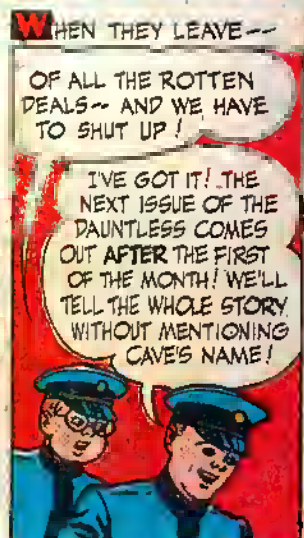
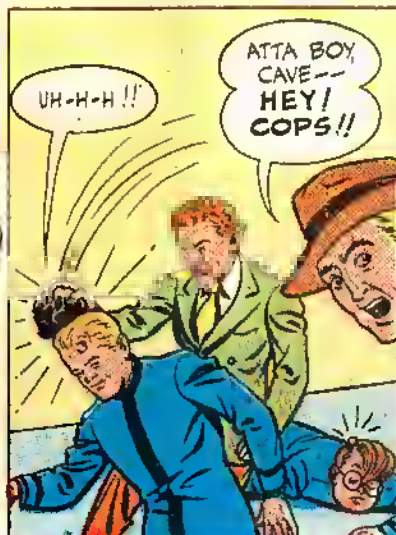


**A**ROUND THE CORNER--

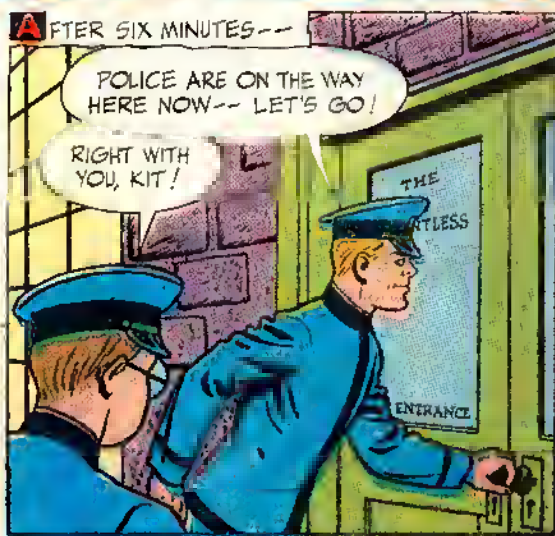
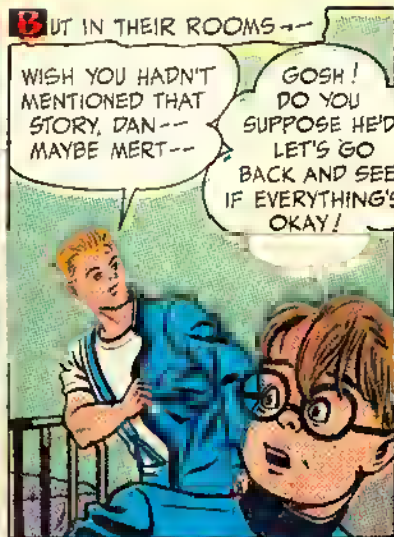


**Q**UESTION No. 3. Does a full Colonel wear a silver leaf or an eagle shoulder insignia?









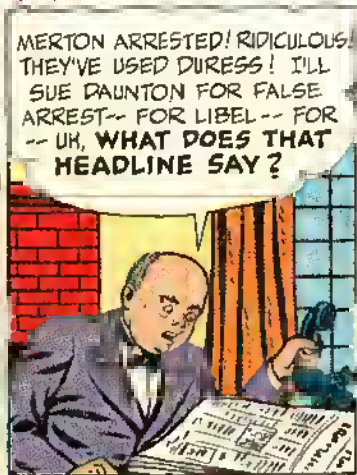




**T**HAT NIGHT MERTON CAVE IS PICKED UP AND BROUGHT TO HEADQUARTERS--



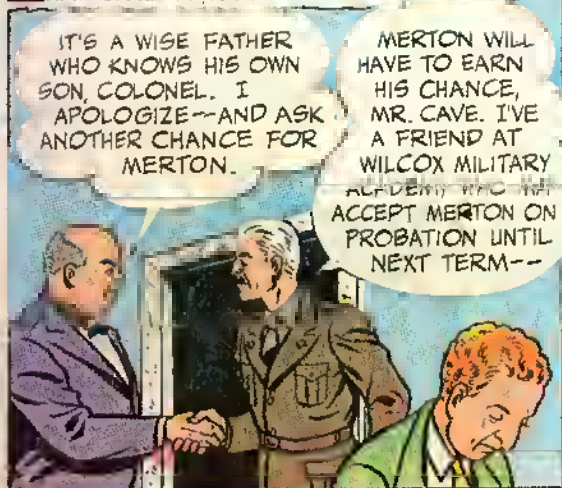
**E**ARLY NEXT MORNING-- A TELEPHONE CALL--



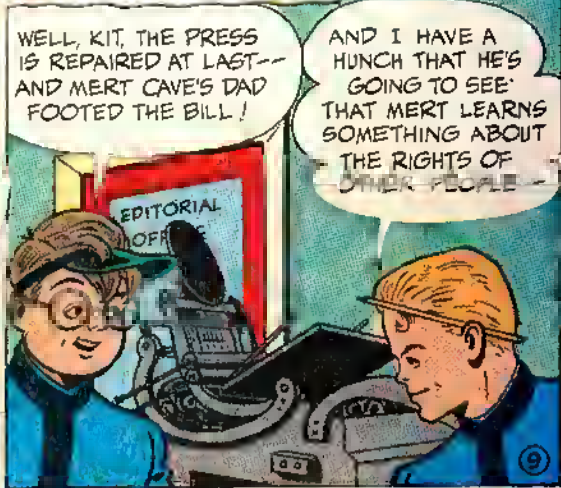
**W**ITH THE DAUNTLESS' PRESS RUINED, SURROUNDING PAPERS HAVE PRINTED KIT'S FEATURE--



**T**HAT SAME AFTERNOON--



**T**HREE WEEKS LATER--





# VOLTO

## FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY. I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!

BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!

AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS.

AND LATER—AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP—GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

SAY! THIS IS GREAT! I THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU—BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!



# PETE STOCKBRIDGE- *alias* "THE Chameleon"

AT PETE STOCKBRIDGE'S HOME  
IN A U.S. CITY, RAGSY IS ALL  
EXCITED AS----

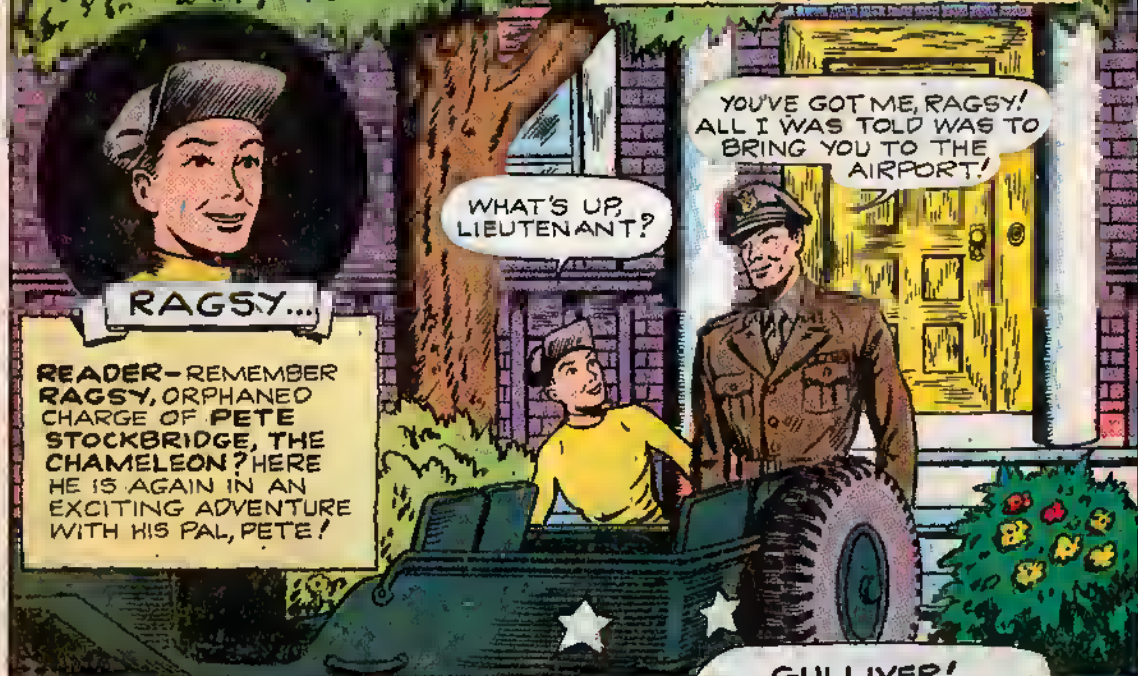


RAGSY...

READER--REMEMBER  
RAGSY, ORPHANED  
CHARGE OF PETE  
STOCKBRIDGE, THE  
CHAMELEON? HERE  
HE IS AGAIN IN AN  
EXCITING ADVENTURE  
WITH HIS PAL, PETE!

WHAT'S UP,  
LIEUTENANT?

YOU'VE GOT ME, RAGSY!  
ALL I WAS TOLD WAS TO  
BRING YOU TO THE  
AIRPORT!

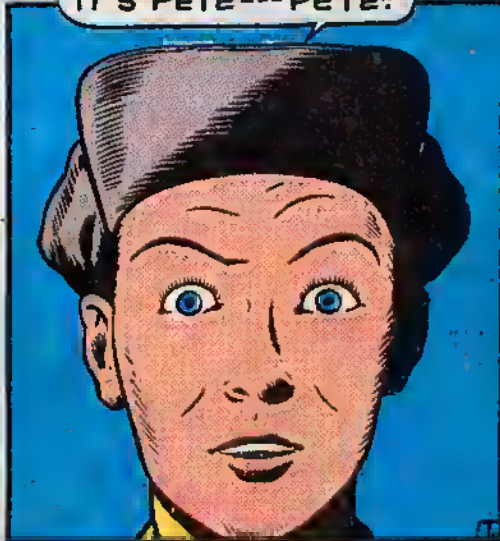
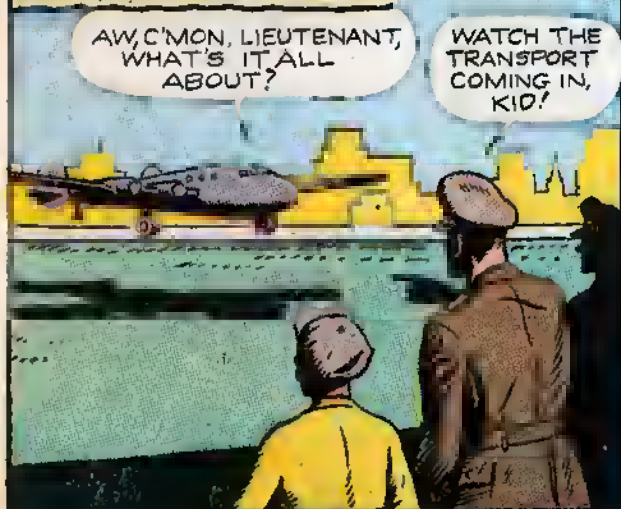


GULLIVER!  
IT'S PETE---PETE!

LATER, AT THE AIRPORT---

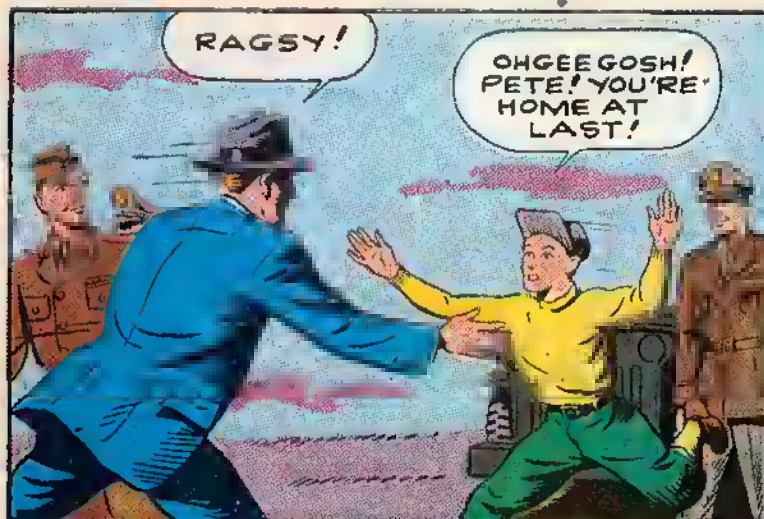
AW, C'MON, LIEUTENANT,  
WHAT'S IT ALL  
ABOUT?

WATCH THE  
TRANSPORT  
COMING IN,  
KID!

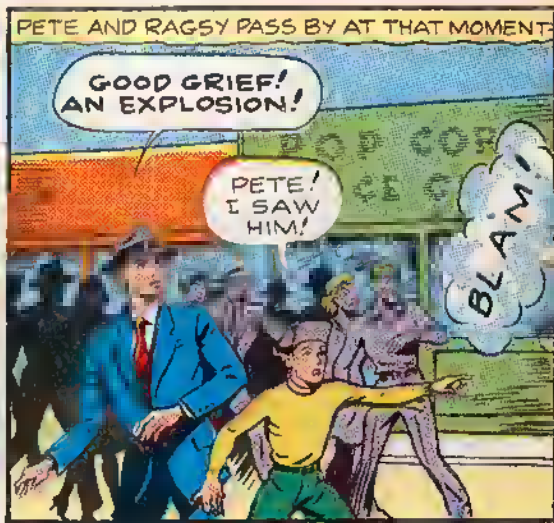
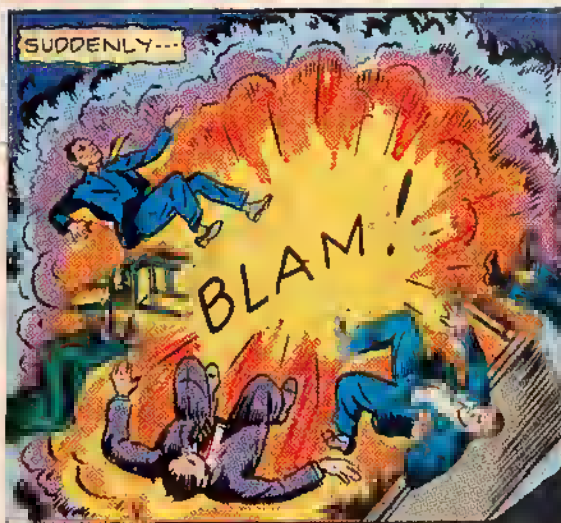


GOOD MARKS WILL COUNT WHEN THE WAR IS WON  
FOR THERE'LL BE PROOF OF A JOB WELL DONE

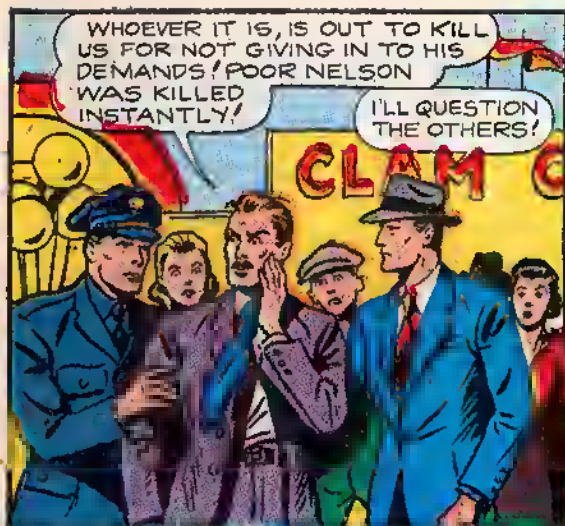






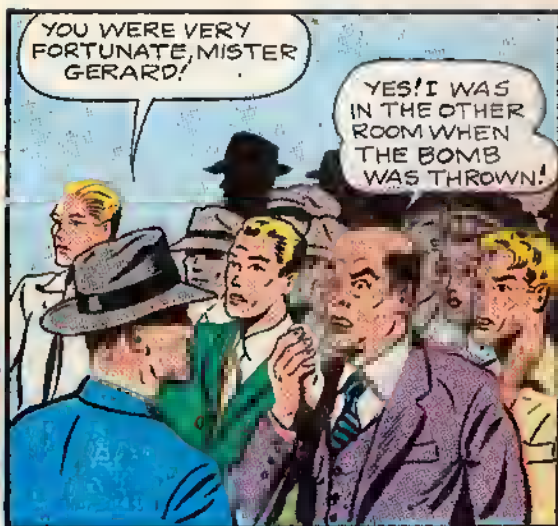






WHOEVER IT IS, IS OUT TO KILL US FOR NOT GIVING IN TO HIS DEMANDS! POOR NELSON WAS KILLED INSTANTLY!

I'LL QUESTION THE OTHERS!



YOU WERE VERY FORTUNATE, MISTER GERARD!

YES! I WAS IN THE OTHER ROOM WHEN THE BOMB WAS THROWN!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, RAGSY?

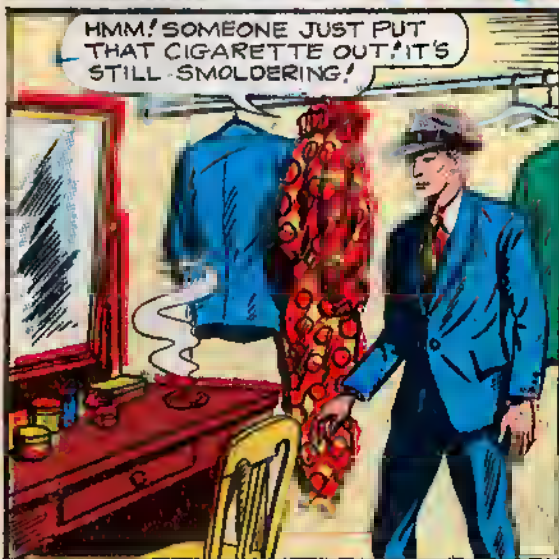
LOOK AT THIS STUFF! IT MUST'VE COME OFF THE BOMB THROWER'S FACE!



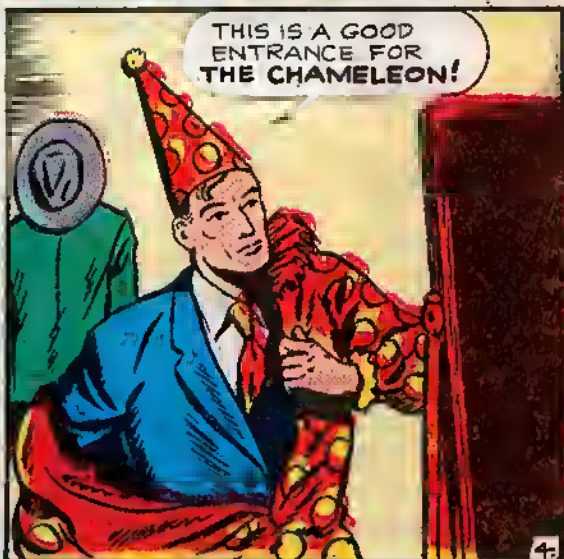
IT'S GREASE PAINT! HMM! STAY HERE, KID!



SOME OF THESE FUN HOUSES HAVE CLOWNS IN THEM... I'LL TRY THE DRESSING ROOM!



HMM! SOMEONE JUST PUT THAT CIGARETTE OUT! IT'S STILL SMOLDERING!



THIS IS A GOOD ENTRANCE FOR THE CHAMELEON!



DISGUISED AS A CLOWN, THE CHAMELEON ENTERS THE ARENA---

HA! NOW TO CREATE SUSPICION!



AS THE ACT CLOSSES--

ONE OF THEM IS WISE!  
GOOD! HE'S GOING TO THE  
DRESSING ROOM!



LISSSEN! YOU DIDN'T HIRE A  
NEW CLOWN, DID YOU? SOMETHING  
FUNNY'S GOIN' ON HERE!  
SURE---BE RIGHT OVER!



HUH--LISTENIN' IN,  
EH, SNOOPER?

SURE--ESPECIALLY  
WHERE MURDER  
IS CONCERNED!



BACK!  
STAND  
BACK!

WHY DON'T  
YOU SHOOT?



I WARNED  
YOU!

OW-W!

CLUNK



WHY, YOU  
YELLOW  
RAT!





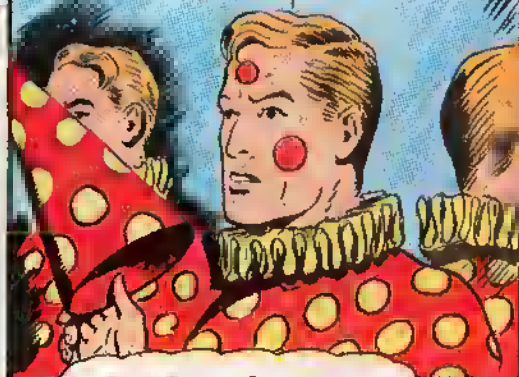
THE CHAMELEON FOLLOWS THE CLOWN INTO THE MIRROR MAZE---

YEOW! THESE MIRRORS PUT HIM ALL OVER THE PLACE!

HA HA HA!



HE'S GONE! BUT HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO SEE SOMEONE AND MR. PRICE CAN TELL ME WHO!



DROPPING HIS DISGUISE, PETE COMES OUT---

ONE MOMENT, MR. PRICE! WHO OWNS THE FUN HOUSE AND WHERE IS HE?

MR. GERARD, HE'S AT HIS OFFICE! WHY?



GERARD, EH? AND HE WAS THE ONLY ONE NOT HURT IN THE BLAST!

WHERE'S HIS OFFICE?



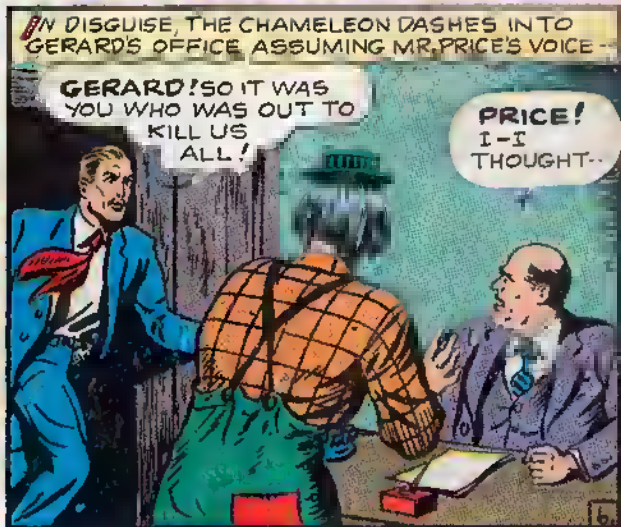
NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE GERARD IS, I'LL GO INTO A SURPRISE DISGUISE!



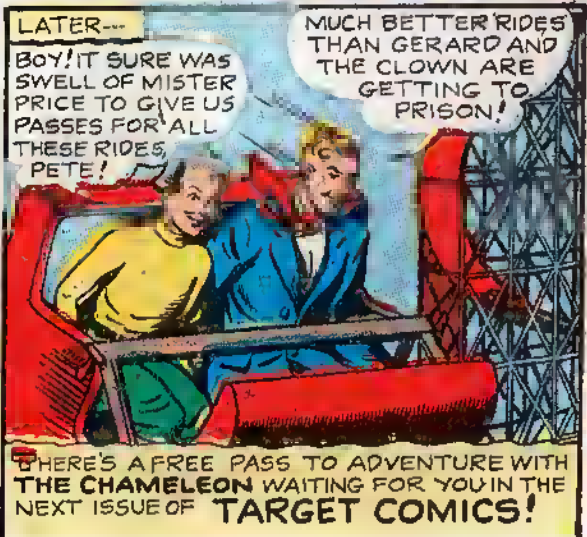
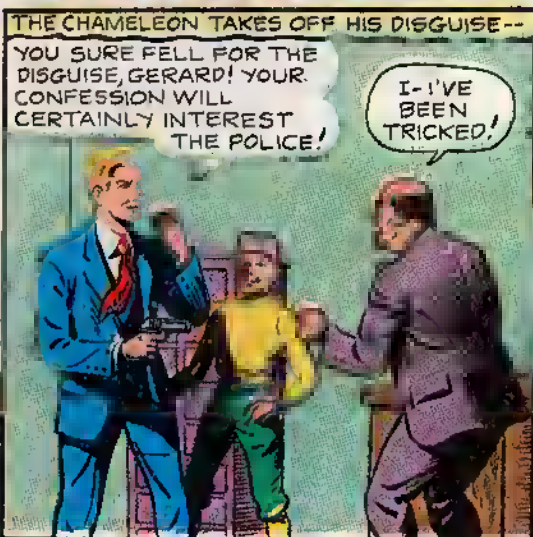
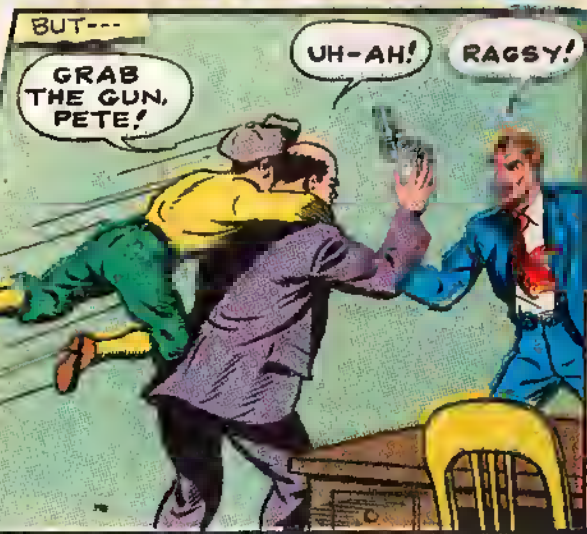
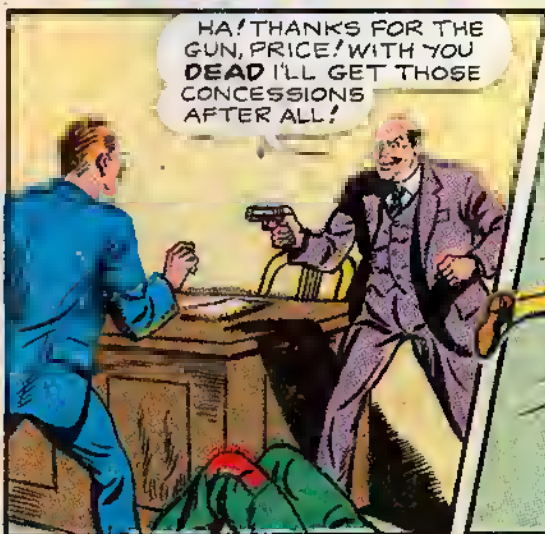
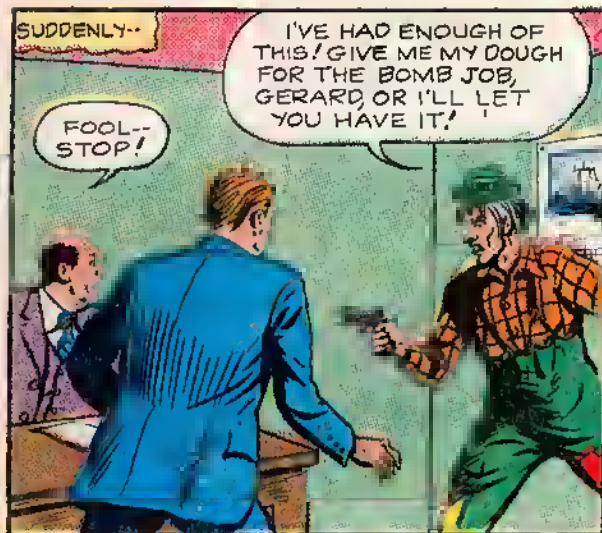
IN DISGUISE, THE CHAMELEON DASHES INTO GERARD'S OFFICE ASSUMING MR. PRICE'S VOICE--

GERARD! SO IT WAS YOU WHO WAS OUT TO KILL US ALL!

PRICE! I-I THOUGHT--



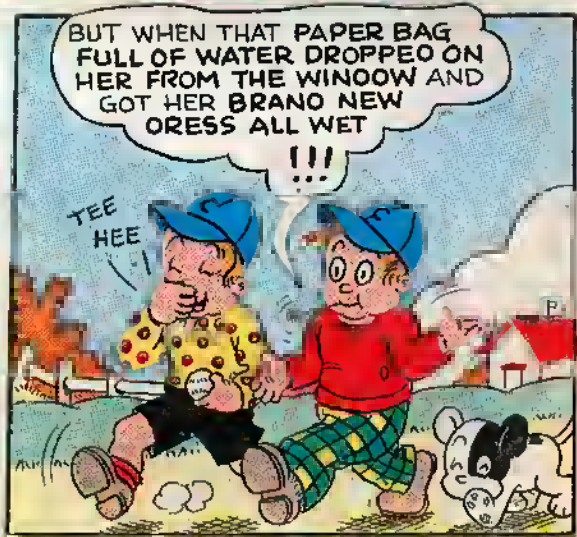
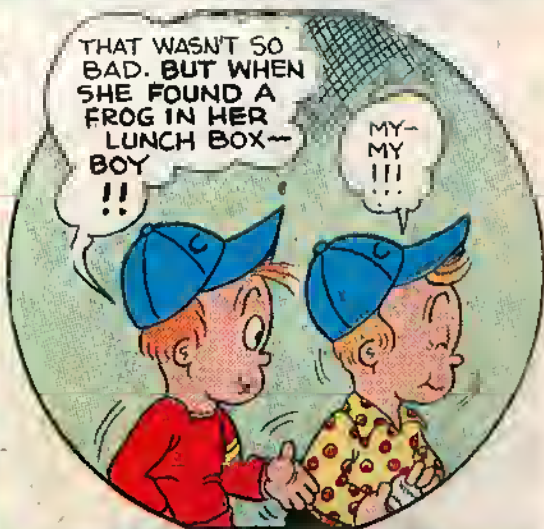
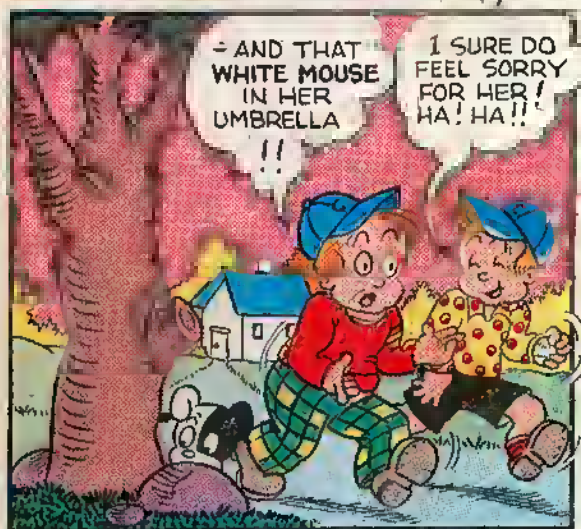
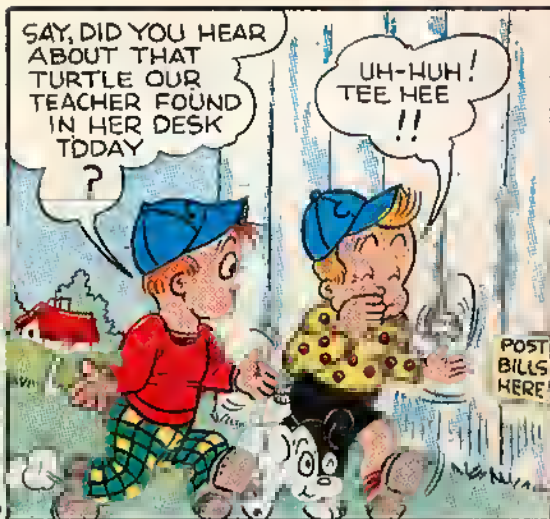




THERE'S A FREE PASS TO ADVENTURE WITH THE CHAMELEON WAITING FOR YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET COMICS!**

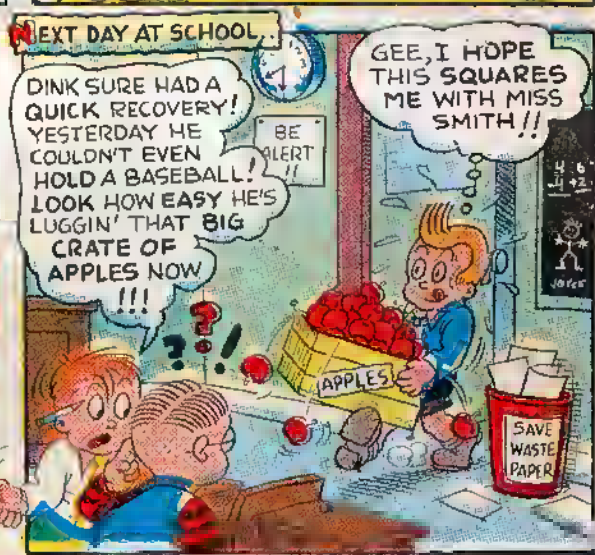
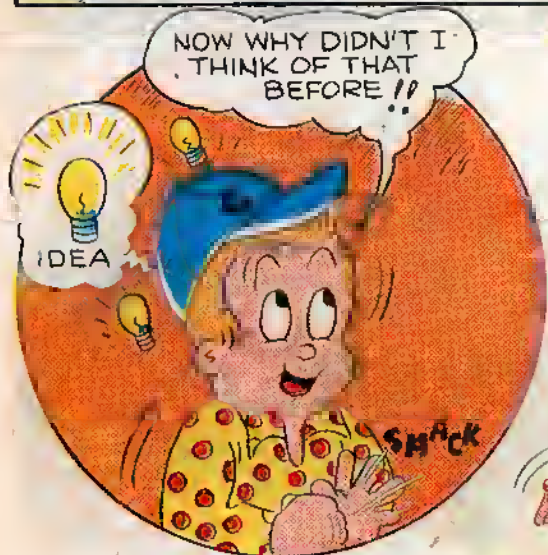
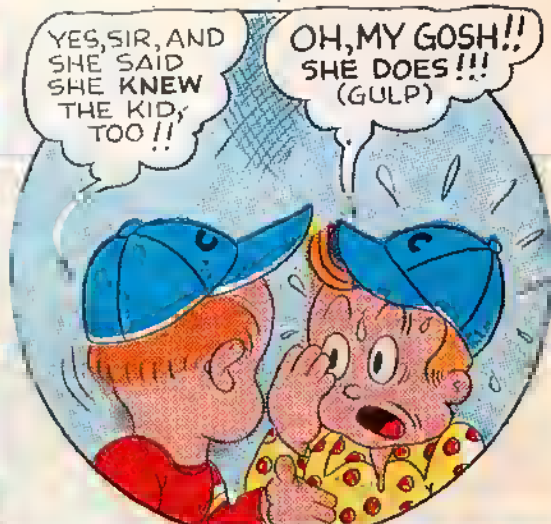


# DINK.



OUR EDUCATION WE CAN'T SHIRK  
LET'S ALL PREPARE FOR FUTURE WORK





WASTE PAPER AND FATS HELP WIN THE WAR  
SO KEEP COLLECTING MORE AND MORE



# BULL'S-EYE

**B**ULL'S-EYE BILL IS ALSO AN OLD HAND AT ROUNDING UP AMERICAN STEERS, BUT THE SACRED COWS OF INDIA, WHICH CLOG ROADS AND RAILWAYS, BLOCKING THE FLOW OF VITAL WAR GOODS, OFFER STRANGE COMPLICATIONS!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS DELAY?

CAN DO NOTHING, SAHIB, UNTIL COWS MOVE FROM TRACKS!

BLAST THE COWS! THEY CAN'T HOLD UP THE ENTIRE WAR!

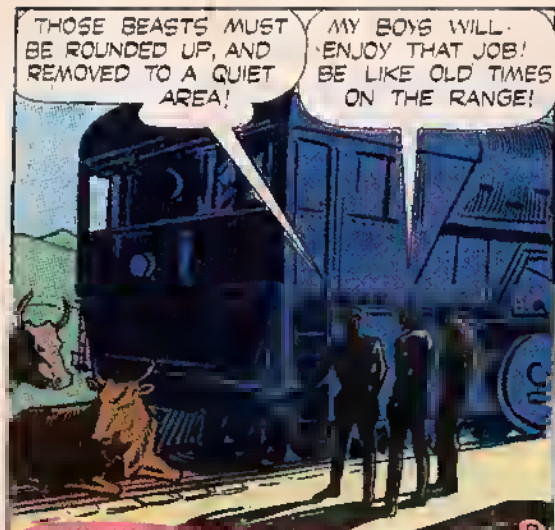
YOU DARE NOT HARM COWS, SAHIB! ALL INDIA WOULD REBEL!

THE GENERAL IS BOILING-- AND COMING THIS WAY!

YES, BILL, MAYBE THOSE JAP AGENTS PULLED SOME MORE SABOTAGE!







THOSE BEASTS MUST BE ROUNDED UP, AND REMOVED TO A QUIET AREA!

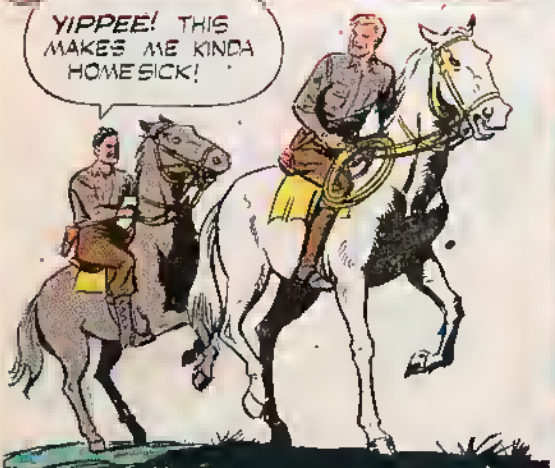
MY BOYS WILL ENJOY THAT JOB! BE LIKE OLD TIMES ON THE RANGE!



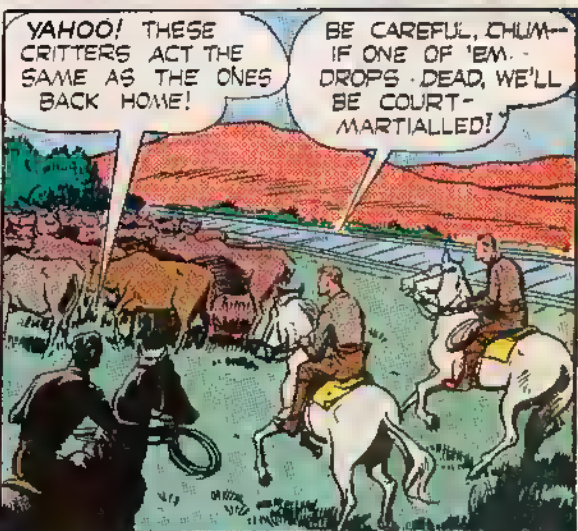
TAKE PAINS NOT TO HURT THE ANIMALS! THE NATIVES ARE TOUCHY EVEN NOW-- JAP AGENTS FLOOD THEM WITH FALSE PROPAGANDA!

WE'LL TREAT THEM LIKE BABIES, SIR!

SOON THE ROUNDUP IS IN FULL SWING!



YIPPEE! THIS MAKES ME KINDA HOME SICK!



YAHOO! THESE CRITTERS ACT THE SAME AS THE ONES BACK HOME!

BE CAREFUL, CHUM-- IF ONE OF 'EM DROPS DEAD, WE'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED!



BUT IN A NEARBY VILLAGE, JAP AGENTS DISTORT THE INTENTION OF THE ROUNDUP!

SEE THE AMERICANS' PLOT! THEY GATHER SACRED BEASTS TO SLAUGHTER THEM!

THEY ARE MOST CRUEL!



SHALL WE LET FOREIGN DOGS COMMIT SUCH FOUL MURDER? LET US STRIKE THEM DOWN!

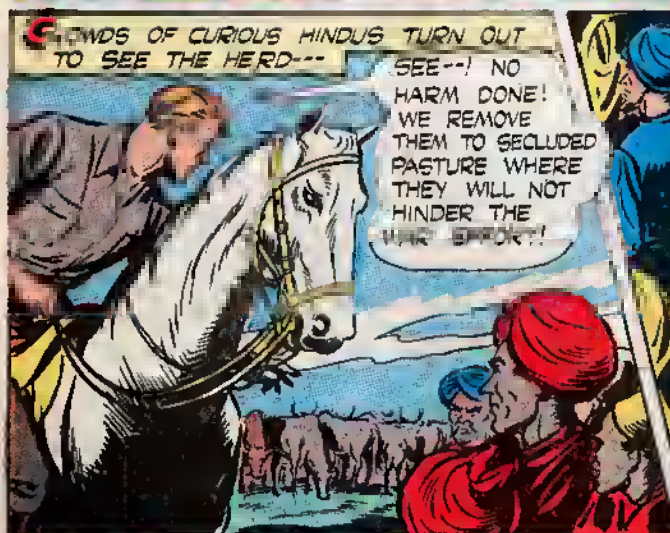
YOU TALK MUCH-- BUT I SEE NO HARM TO CATTLE! THE AMERICANS MERELY GATHER THEM TOGETHER!



FOOL! THEY PLAN TO KILL ALL AT ONCE!

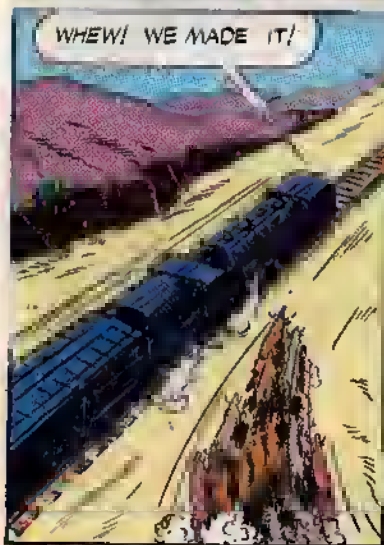
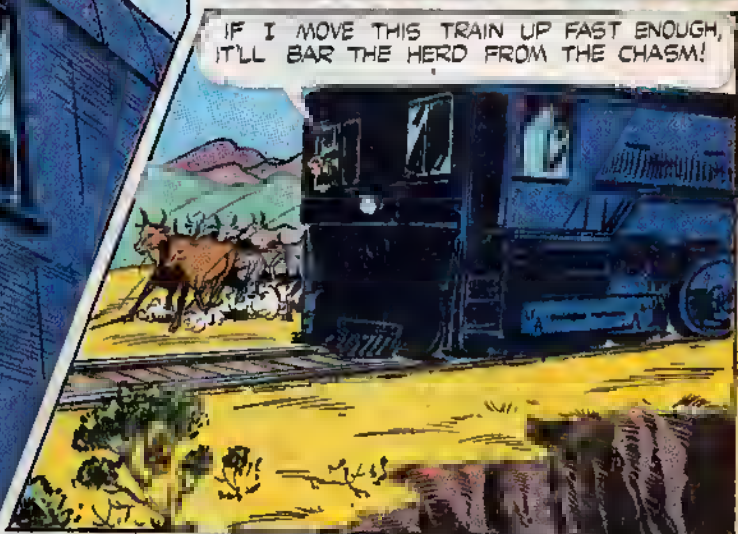
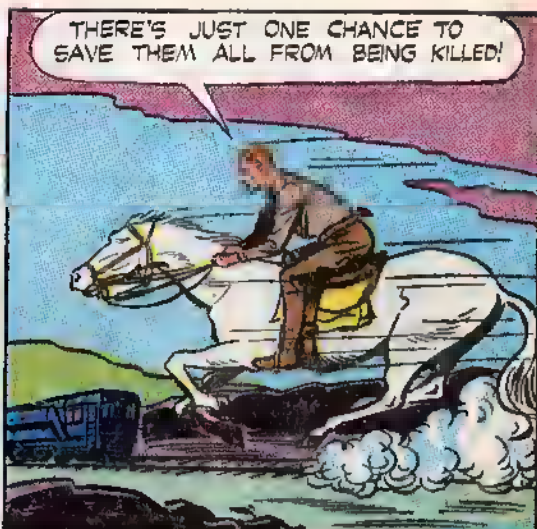
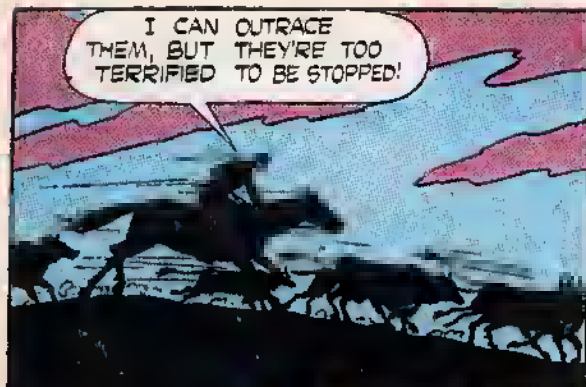
WE DO NOT BELIEVE IT!



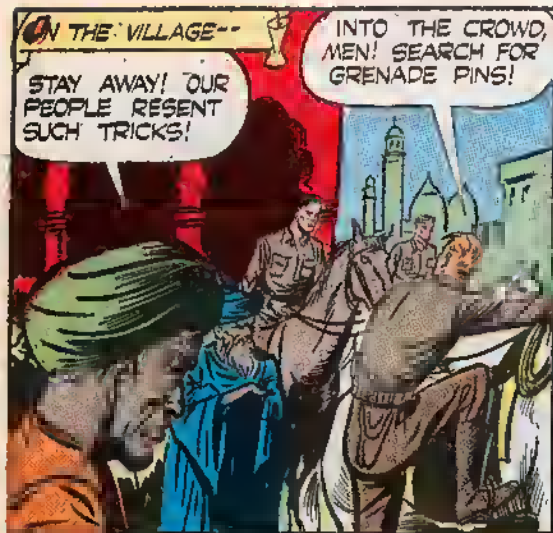


QUESTION No. 9. Do you know three other names for a chasm?









ON THE VILLAGE--

STAY AWAY! OUR PEOPLE RESENT SUCH TRICKS!

INTO THE CROWD, MEN! SEARCH FOR GRENADE PINS!



WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS?

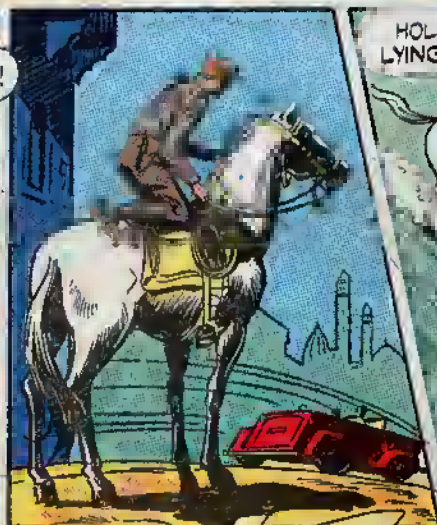
HERE ARE SOME!

WHEN YOU FIND PINS, HOLD EVERYBODY IN THE VICINITY FOR QUESTIONING!

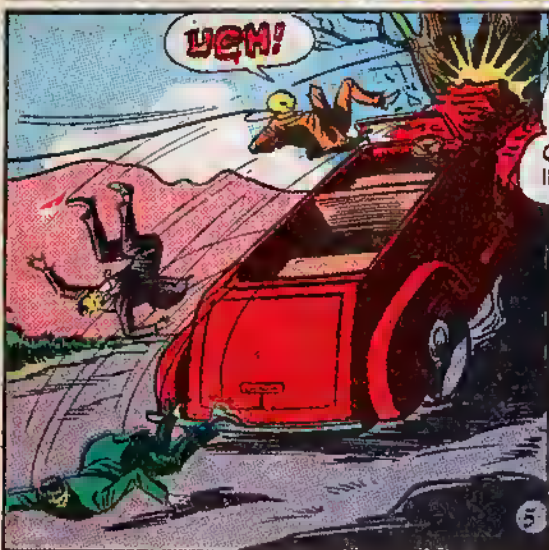


FLEE! WE WILL BE UNCOVERED!

DON'T LET ANYONE ESCAPE!



HOLD UP! YOU LYING COYOTES!



UGH!



LATER--

APOLOGIES FOR SUSPECTING YOU, CAPTAIN! WE SHALL COOPERATE IN FUTURE!

FINE! AND THANKS FOR THE CHANCE TO STAGE AN OLD TIME ROUNDUP!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF BULL'S-EYE BILL IN EVERY ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS!

SUPPORT THE NATIONAL WAR FUND PLAN  
IT STANDS BEHIND EACH FIGHTING MAN



# CANDID

# CHARLIE

BY  
B. Gordon Guth

**C**HARLIE AND MERKIN ARE NOW TOURING CUBA TAKING PICTURES. THE BOYS ARE TRYING THEIR BEST TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE—BUT—WELL—IT ALL STARTED WITH A GLASS OF WATER—



I'M GETTING THIRSTY.

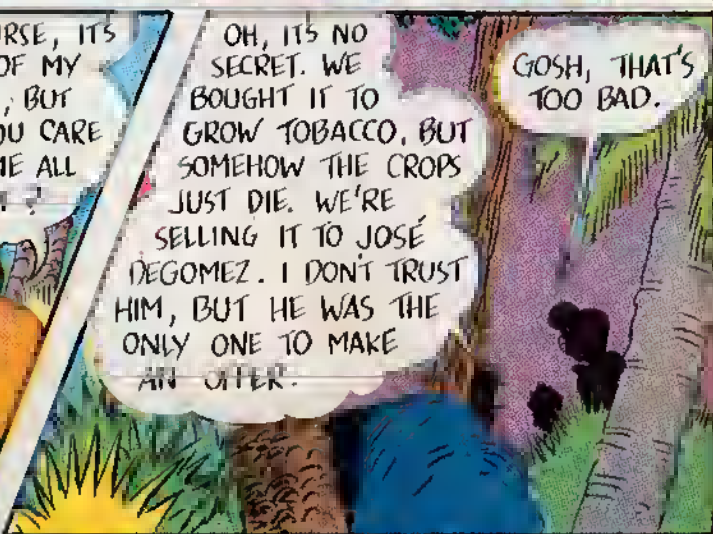
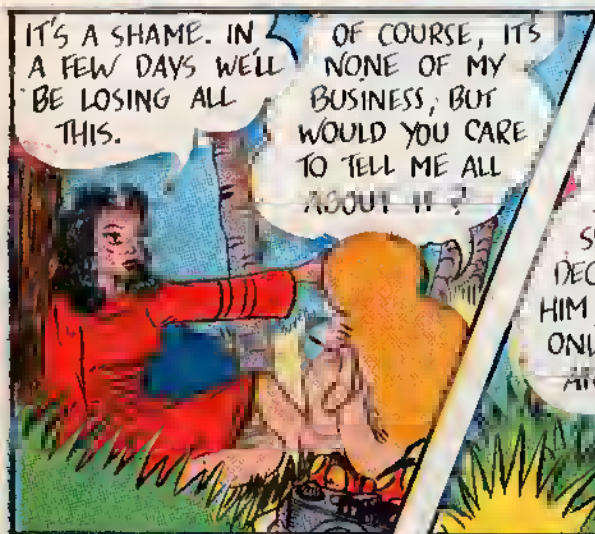
CHEE!  
ME, TOO.

THERE'S A NICE PLACE. MAYBE WE CAN GET A DRINK.

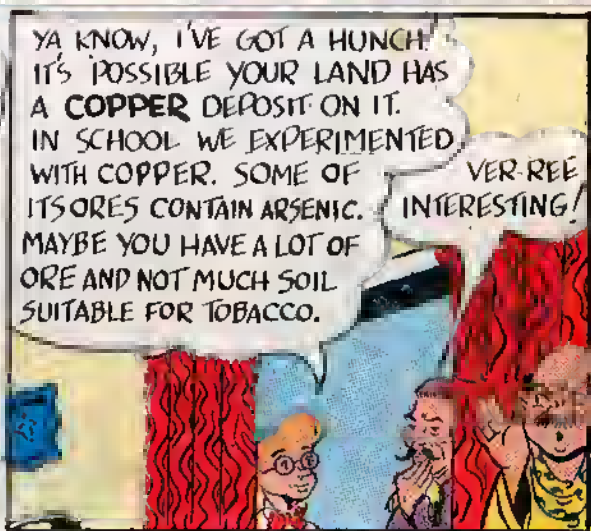
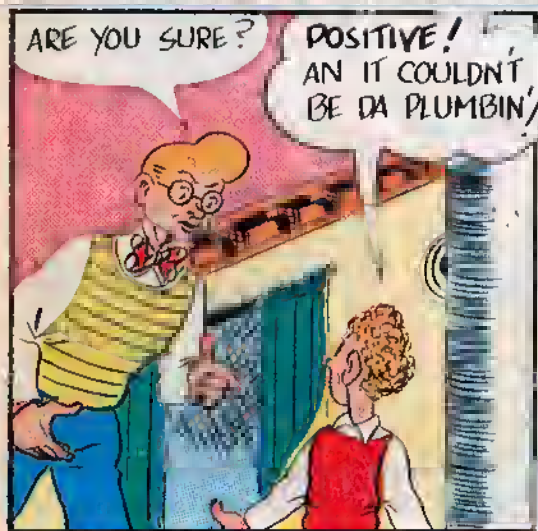
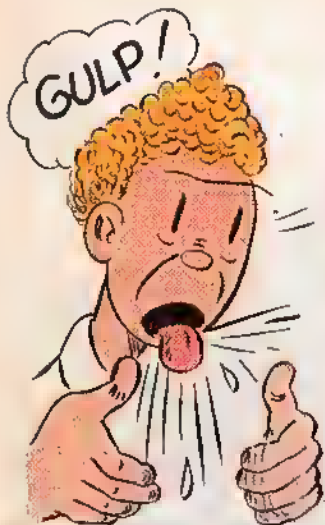


KEEP SCHOOL MARKS HIGH AND YOU WILL SCORE  
WITH ALL THE MEN WHO FIGHT THIS WAR



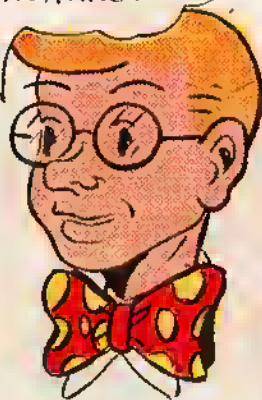








TOMORROW MERKIN AND I WILL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING.



MEANWHILE, PEDRO THE SERVANT, RUSHES OUT OF THE HOUSE AFTER OVERHEARING THE CONVERSATION—



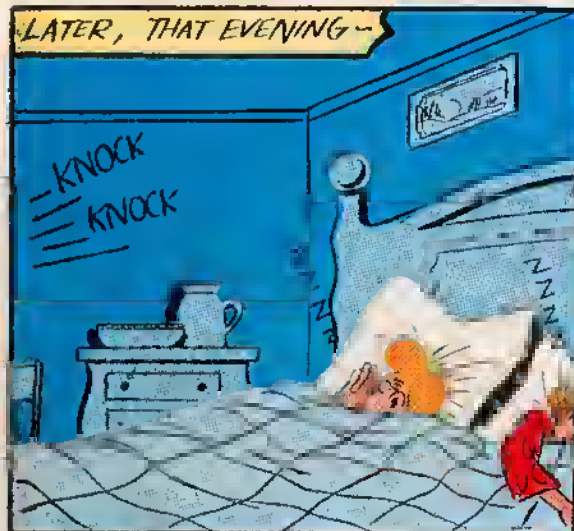
HE ARRIVES AT THE HOME OF JOSÉ DE GOMEZ, AND—

THESE BOYS, THEY THEENK MAYBE THERE EES COPPER MAÑANA THEY INVESTIGATE.

THESE CANNOT BE. WE MUST GET REED OF THEM, PRONTO. I HAVE A FEELING THERE EES COPPER. THAT EES WHY I BUY EET.



LATER, THAT EVENING—



WHAT IS IT? ANYTHING WRONG?

PARDON, SENORS! I THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW I SEE SOMETHING SHINE EEN THE MOONLIGHT NEAR THE ROCKS. MAYBE EET EES THESE COPPER.



THESE WAY.



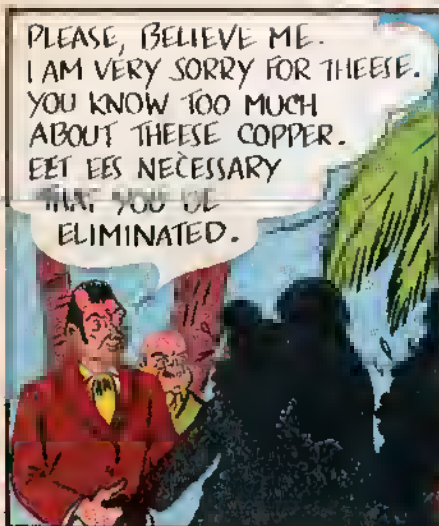
And, before the boys can turn and run—

GULP!

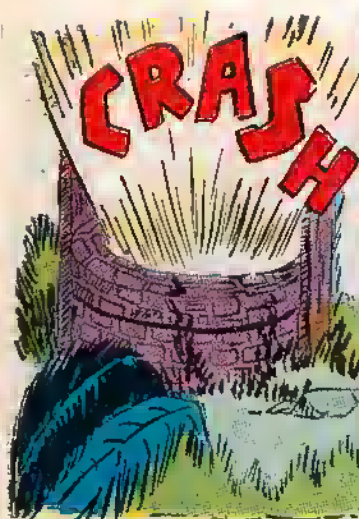


QUESTION No. 11. Is copperhead the name given to the manager of a copper mine?









LOOK! WE FELL  
INTO AN ABANDONED  
MINE!

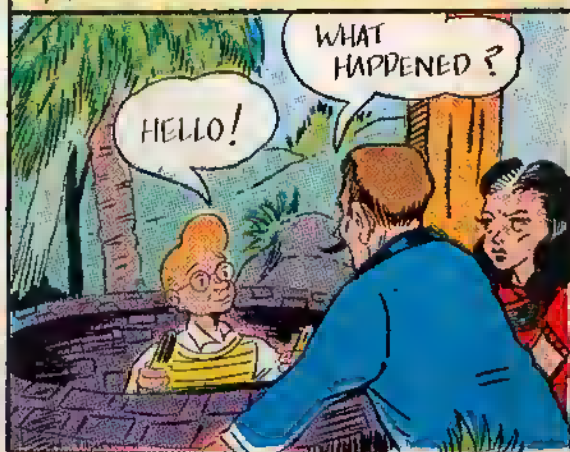


CHARLIE! LOOK AT  
THAT SHINY STUFF.  
WHERE WE FELL  
THROUGH!

GOSH! WE MUST HAVE  
OPENED UP A NEW COPPER VEIN  
WHEN WE FELL THROUGH!



AFTER YELLING FOR HELP, THE BOYS  
ARE RESCUED FROM THE WELL



HELLO!

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

CHARLIE TELLS HIS STORY -

AND I DON'T THINK  
YOU HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT TOBACCO.  
THAT COPPER VEIN  
SHOULD TAKE  
CARE OF  
EVERYTHING.

I WILL HAVE  
THE AUTHORITIES  
TAKE CARE OF  
THESE DEGOMEZ.  
I AM IN DEBT  
TO YOU AND  
YOUR COUNTRY FOR  
THIS SERVICE. FEET  
SHALL NOT BE  
FORGOTTEN!

CHEE! WHY DIDN'T  
DOSE GUYS KILL US?  
DA BIG BOSS TOLE 'EM  
TO. MAYBE DEY SAW  
DAT RING DA CABBIE  
CAVE IN IN  
HAVANA!

AW! THAT  
STUFF IS IN  
STORY BOOKS.  
DON'T TELL ME  
YOU BELIEVE IT!

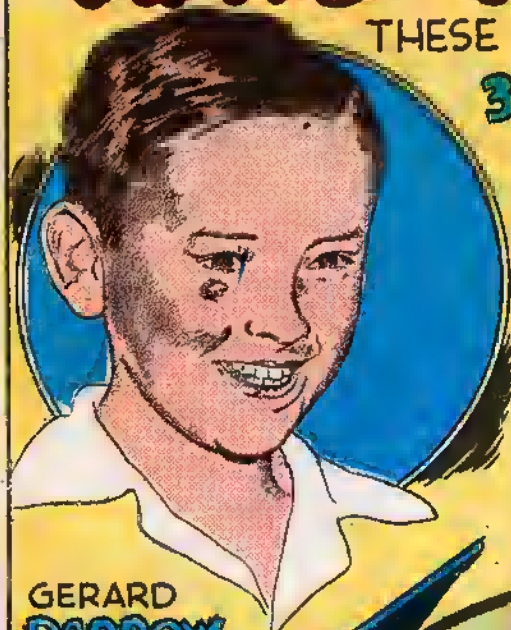
THEY  
CONTINUE ON  
THEIR JOURNEY,  
AND CHARLIE STILL  
DOESN'T REALIZE THE  
POWER THE RING  
POSSESSES!

STUDY HARD. BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,  
HIGHER MARKS WILL SURELY SHOW IT



# HAVE YOU HEARD

THESE YOUNG RADIO STARS??



**GERARD  
DARROW**

THE "FORCED  
RETIREMENT  
AGE" OF A  
QUIZ KID  
IS 16.

**3** OF RADIO'S  
FAMOUS  
**QUIZ  
KIDS!**

HEARD EVERY  
SUNDAY EVENING  
OVER THE  
AMERICAN  
BROADCASTING  
CO...

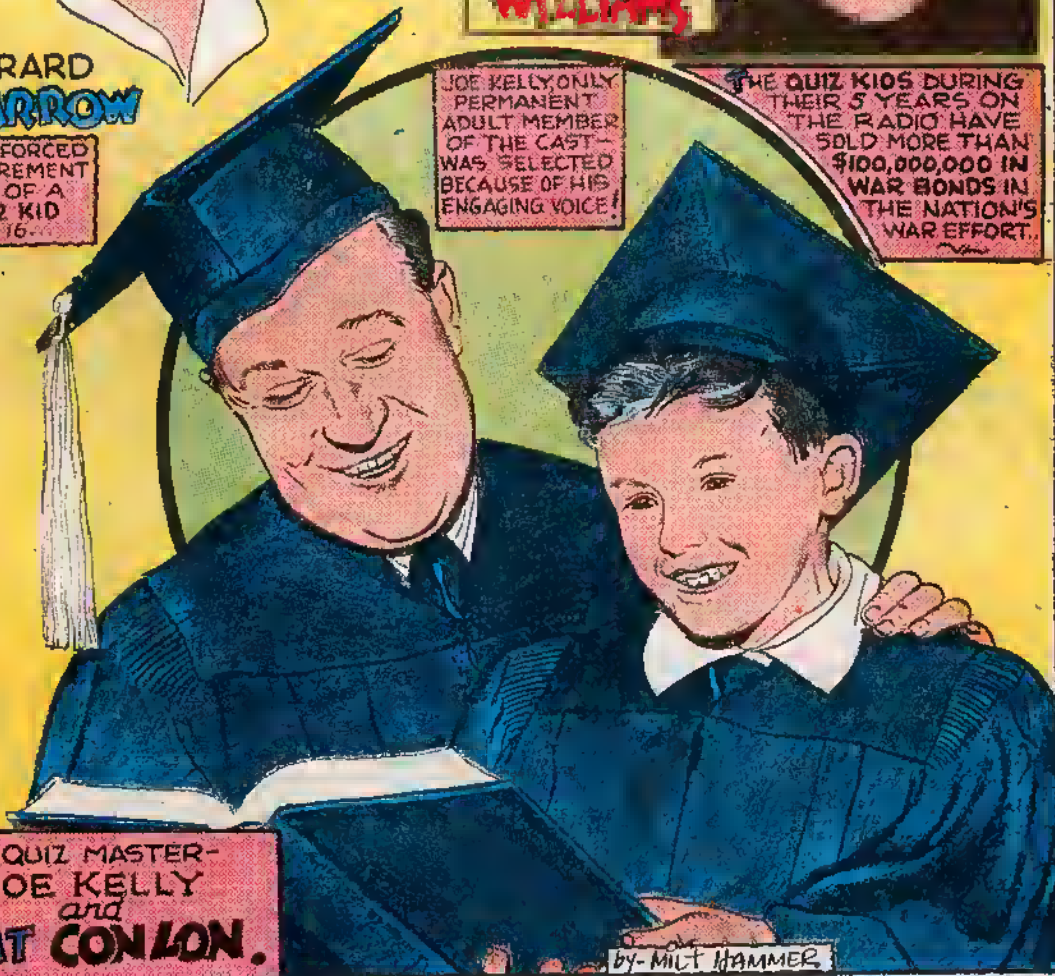
15 YEAR OLD

**RICHARD  
WILLIAMS**



JOE KELLY, ONLY  
PERMANENT  
ADULT MEMBER  
OF THE CAST—  
WAS SELECTED  
BECAUSE OF HIS  
ENGAGING VOICE!

THE QUIZ KIDS DURING  
THEIR 5 YEARS ON  
THE RADIO HAVE  
SOLD MORE THAN  
\$100,000,000 IN  
WAR BONDS IN  
THE NATION'S  
WAR EFFORT.

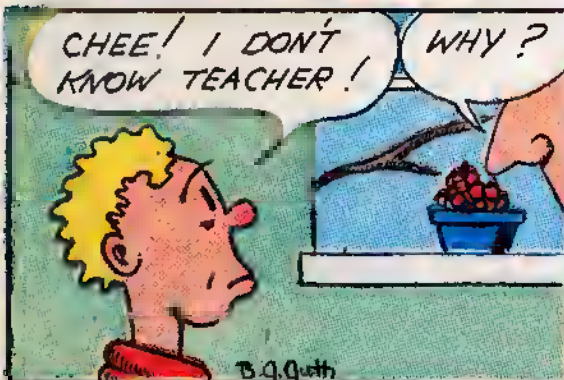


-QUIZ MASTER-  
JOE KELLY  
and  
**PAT CONLON.**

by MILT HAMMER



# SCHOOL DAYS.



# Why Everybody Goes for FLEERS!







WHAT AMERICAN CAN FORGET BATAAN? IN THIS STORY, TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS MEET A STRANGE AND THRILLING ADVENTURE ON THE HALLOWED SOIL OF BATAAN---

A YANK-HELD ISLAND ON THE ROAD TO TOKYO---LAST YEAR.

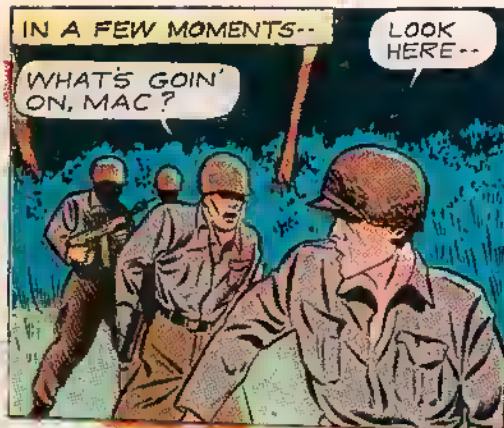
UH-UH-  
WHAT'S THIS?

THE SOLDIER FINDS----

A MAN! CORPORAL  
OF THE GUARD!  
POST NUMBER  
ONE! CORPORAL OF  
THE GUARD! POST  
NUMBER ONE!

BACK THE NATIONAL WAR FUND CAMPAIGN





LOOK  
HERE--

HE'S A CASE FOR  
THE PILL ROLLERS!  
SAAY! HE AIN'T NO  
SLANT EYE! THIS  
GUY LOOKS LIKE  
A YANK!

THE MEDICS TAKE OVER  
AND SOON---

NURSE, THIS IS A CASE OF  
COMPLETE EXHAUSTION!  
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A  
DAY OR SO, BUT THERE IS  
ONE THING PECULIAR  
ABOUT THIS MAN!

WHAT IS THAT,  
SIR?



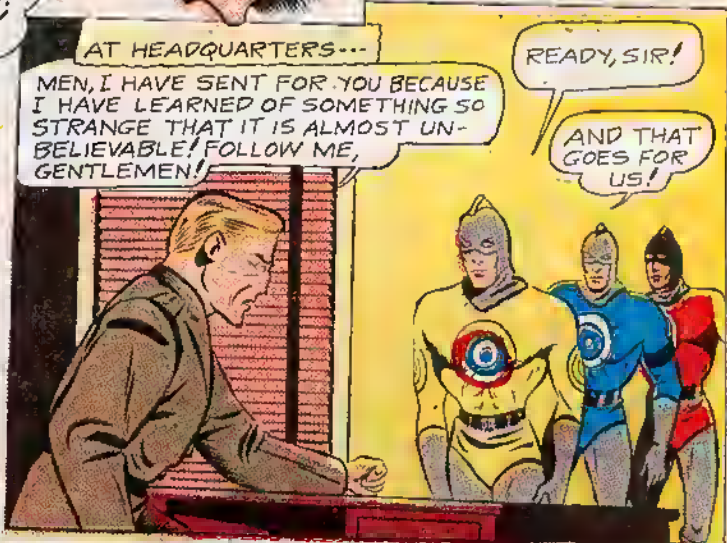
HIS PAPERS IDENTIFY HIM AS A  
MEMBER OF THE -TH. INFANTRY!  
THAT COMPANY WAS ---  
I'LL BE BACK LATER, NURSE!

AT HEADQUARTERS---

MEN, I HAVE SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE  
I HAVE LEARNED OF SOMETHING SO  
STRANGE THAT IT IS ALMOST UN-  
BELIEVABLE! FOLLOW ME,  
GENTLEMEN!

READY, SIR!

AND THAT  
GOES FOR  
US!



IN THE HOSPITAL---

PLEASE TELL THESE  
GENTLEMEN WHO  
YOU ARE!

YES, SIR! STAFF  
SERGEANT JACK  
CARPENTER, CO.  
D, -TH. INFANTRY!



THE  
OUTFIT--

THAT WAS  
WIPED OUT--

ON BATAAN  
THREE YEARS  
AGO!





**CARPENTER TELLS HIS STORY---**

WELL, SIR, AFTER THE SURRENDER, SOME OF US TOOK TO THE HILLS! WE WERE JOINED BY FILIPINO SCOUTS AND HAVE BEEN CARRYING ON FROM THERE! WE'VE ARMED AND FED OURSELVES FROM JAP STORES, BUT NOW WE'RE SHORT OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! AT PRESENT, THE GUERRILLAS ARE AT THIS PLACE!



COLONEL, MAY I HAVE YOUR PERMISSION TO CONTACT THESE MEN AND BRING THEM THE NECESSARY SUPPLIES?

OF COURSE!



**EVENTS MOVE QUICKLY, AND SOON---**

MEN, WE WANT SIX VOLUNTEERS! I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BUT I SAY IT WILL HELP AVENGE BATAAN!



**THE COLONEL MEETS A PROBLEM---**

WELL!

WE CAN'T TAKE 'EM ALL, SIR!

PLEASE, SIR!



**BUT, ALL THE VOLUNTEERS CAN'T GO, SO---**

YOU MEN HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR YOUR ABILITY AS SOLDIERS! YOU HAVE A BIG JOB! WE ARE GOING TO BATAAN TO CONTACT A GUERRILLA FORCE! ARE YOU READY? LET'S GO!



**IN THE EARLY MORNING, A GIANT TRANSPORT PLANE IS LOADED WITH SUPPLIES---**

GOODBYE--GOOD LUCK! THE SUBMARINE WILL BE READY TO TAKE YOU OFF IN TEN HOURS! DON'T FORGET THE SIGNAL!

NO, SIR! THREE SHORT BLINKS FROM OUR SIGNAL LIGHT!





A FEW HOURS LATER--

WORD HAS JUST  
COME OVER THE  
INTER-COM! THIS  
IS IT! I'LL JUMP  
FIRST!

GOOD LUCK!  
DAVE AND  
I WILL  
FOLLOW!

AND  
WE'LL  
BE RIGHT  
AFTER  
YOU, SIR!



ONE BY ONE THE 'CHUTES  
BILLOW OUT! BRILLIANTLY  
COLORED 'CHUTES MARK  
THE PRECIOUS SUPPLIES!



IN A MATTER OF MINUTES  
THE MEN GET TO WORK---

LET'S GET THE  
STUFF HIDDEN,  
AND WE'LL START!

RIGHT, SIR!



THE SUPPLIES CACHED, TARGET AND  
HIS BOYS START THE TREK THROUGH  
THE JUNGLE---

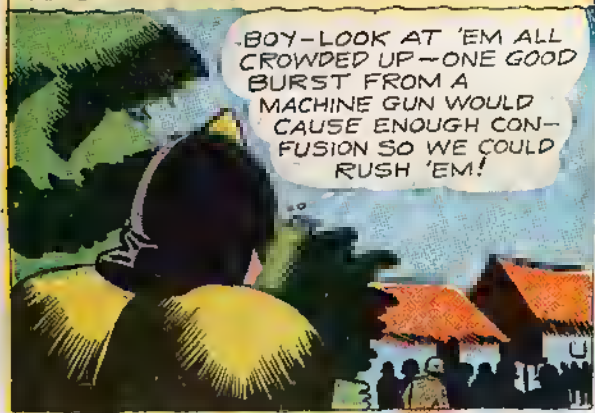
HOLD IT! THERE'S  
A VILLAGE  
AHEAD!

THIS CALLS FOR  
RECONNAISSANCE--  
KEEP ME COVERED!



CAUTIOUSLY, NILES CREEPS TO WHERE HE  
CAN GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE VILLAGE---

BOY--LOOK AT 'EM ALL  
CROWDED UP--ONE GOOD  
BURST FROM A  
MACHINE GUN WOULD  
CAUSE ENOUGH CON-  
FUSION SO WE COULD  
RUSH 'EM!



RETURNING TO HIS BAND, NILES  
OUTLINES A PLAN OF ATTACK---

TOM, YOU TAKE TWO MEN ON  
THE RIGHT FLANK, I'LL HIT  
'EM FROM THE FRONT WITH  
TWO MEN! DAVE, YOU WAIT  
HERE TILL YOU HEAR MY  
TOMMY GUN, THEN HIT  
THEM FROM THE REAR!

LET'S  
GET  
STARTED!



QUESTION No. 13. Are the paratroops a part of the infantry?







OUT OF THE JUNGLE STEPS--

HOLY COW-YANKS!

GREAT SCOTT!  
IT'S THE  
GUERRILLAS!

WE'VE BROUGHT YOU  
SUPPLIES, AMMUNITION,  
FOOD AND MEDICINE!  
BUT YOU CAN COME  
BACK WITH US!

WE REMAIN  
HERE, SIR! ALL  
WE ASK IS FOR  
YOU TO TAKE  
BACK THE SICK  
AND WOUNDED!

YOU SEE, WE FIGURE THE BOYS'LL  
BE BACK AGAIN. AND WE'VE GOT A BIG  
DEBT TO GET RUBBED OUT! WE WANT  
TO PAY THE NIPS IN FULL, SO WE'LL  
STICK! WHEN YOU BOYS COME BACK,  
WE'LL BE HERE TO GUIDE YOU!

ON THE APPOINTED NIGHT, THEY  
LEAVE THE GUERRILLAS TO MAKE  
A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SUB---

WE'RE  
READY,  
SIR!

GUESS  
THIS IS  
IT!

SEE YOU SOON!  
WE'LL BE WAITING  
FOR YOU!

SO, THEY LEAVE THE BRAVE  
AMERICANS OF BATAAN--

WITH PLANES AND  
TANKS AND GUNS!

YES--THEY'LL  
SEE US  
SOON!

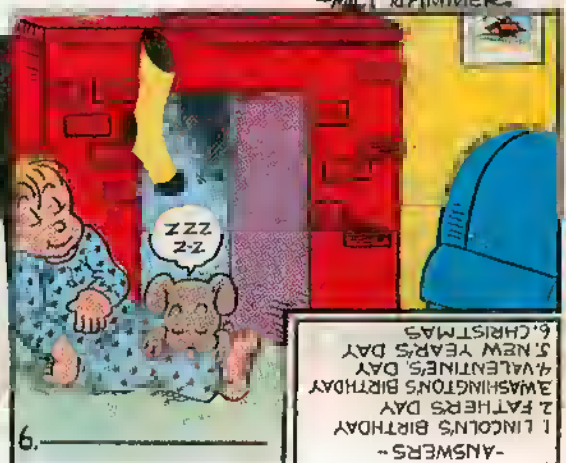
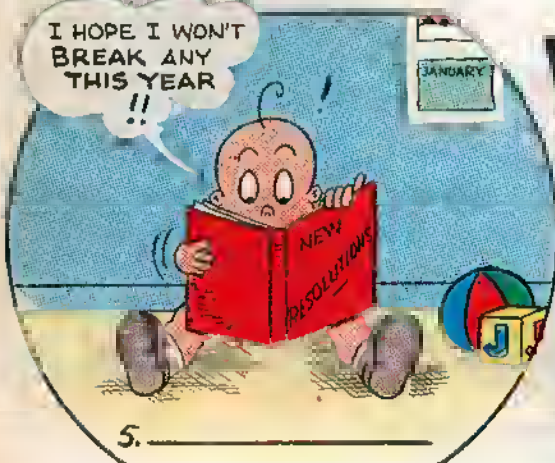
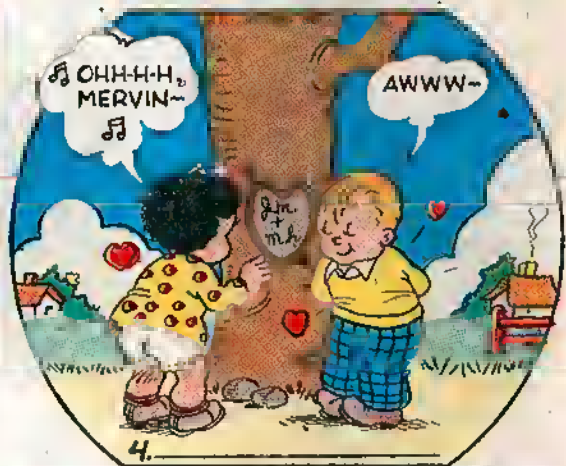
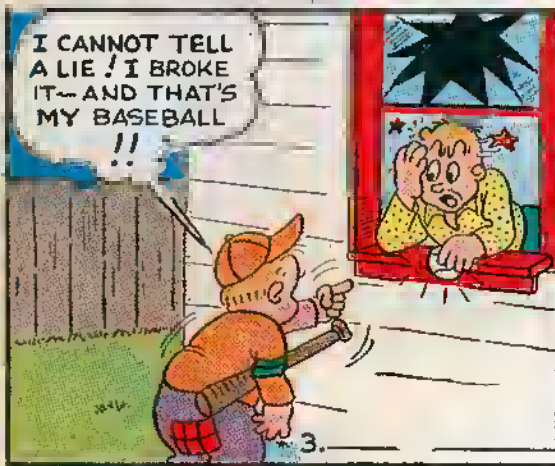
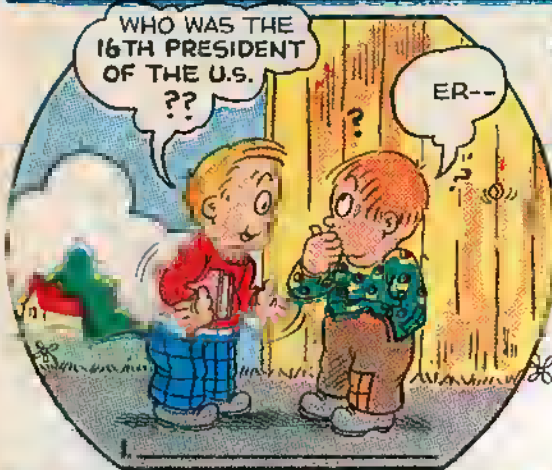
AND WE'LL DRIVE  
THE JAPS INTO  
THE OCEAN!

THE WAR STAMPS BOUGHT BY YOU AND ME  
CAN SINK JAPAN BENEATH THE SEA



# HOLIDAY QUIZ

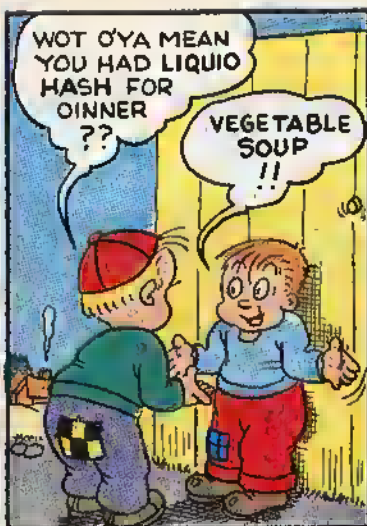
WITHOUT PEEKING AT THE ANSWERS, CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE HOLIDAYS OR SPECIAL DAYS PICTURED IN THE 6 CARTOONS BELOW??



- ANSWERS-
1. LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY
  2. FATHER'S DAY
  3. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
  4. VALENTINE'S DAY
  5. NEW YEAR'S DAY
  6. CHRISTMAS

-MILT HAMMER-





Have you met Dick Cole's cousin, Kingston Cole, Jr.? If you haven't, try your nearest newsstand on November 14th for a copy of the second issue of the new detective comic, **YOUNG KING COLE**. They sell fast—so get there early.

## TRICKY MATCHBOX

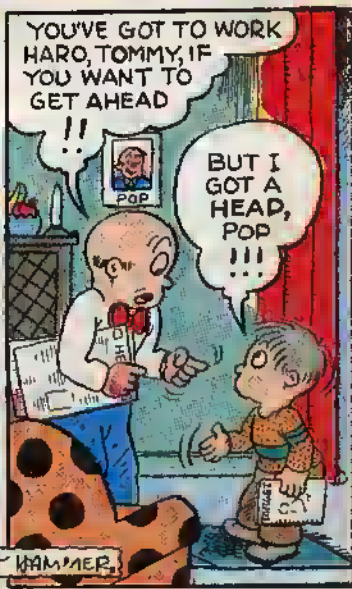
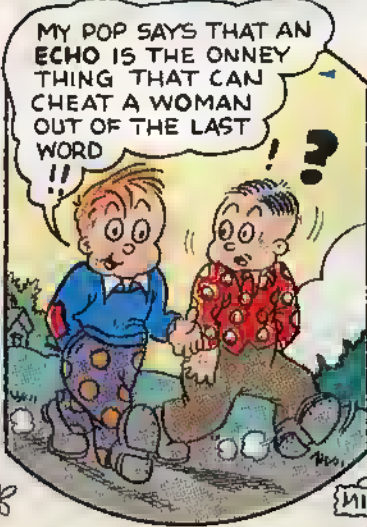
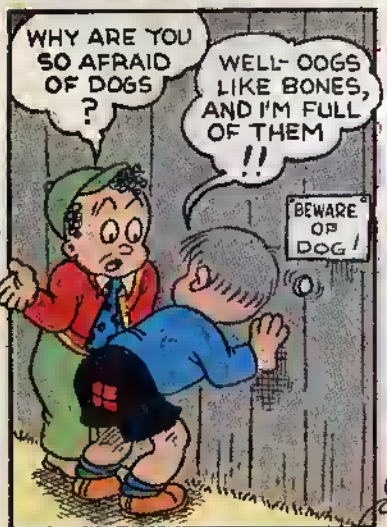
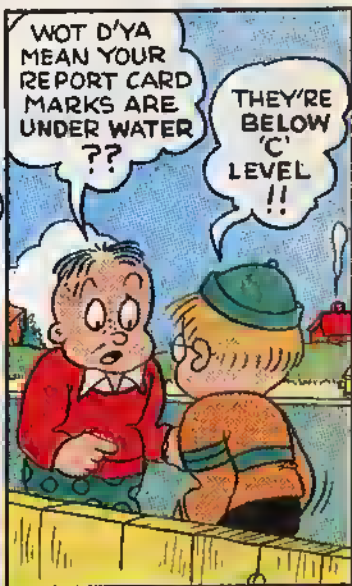
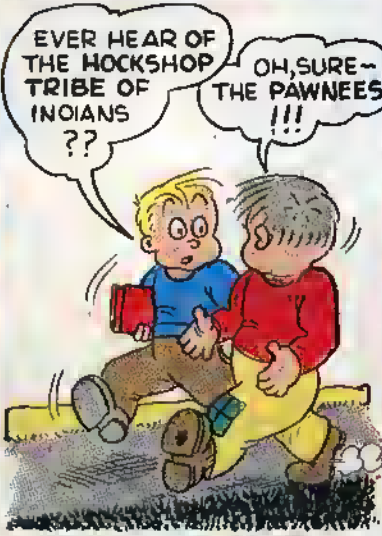
Place it on the back of your hand and say the Magic Word and Lo and behold

**IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND! IT STANDS! IT OPENS!**

A magical sensation! Complete with Easy to do directions. See postcard.

**THE MAGICIAN**

MX-2463 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



**NATIONAL WAR FUND NEEDS YOUR ASSISTANCE  
OUR HIGH MORALE LOWERS JAP RESISTANCE**



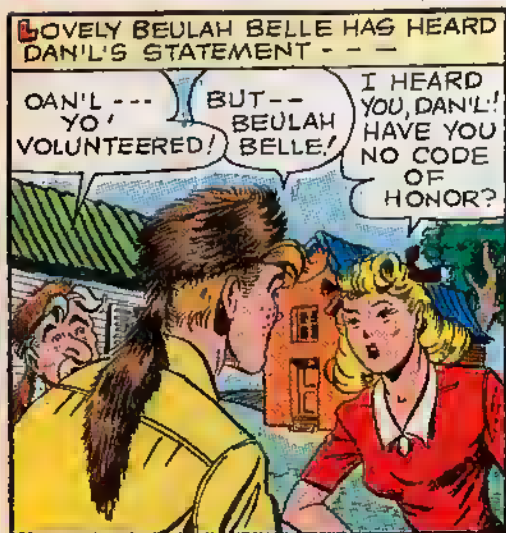


GORSH!  
AH DOESN'T  
WANT T' DIE!  
AH CAIN'T  
GO AFTER  
DOOOLE  
NOHOW!

# DAN'L FLANNEL

## SYNOPSIS...

DAN'L HAS ACCIDENTALLY VOLUNTEERED TO CAPTURE  
"DESPERATE DOODLE", KIDNAPPER OF  
HOMESPUN CENTER'S SHERIFF.....



LOVELY BEULAH BELLE HAS HEARD  
DAN'L'S STATEMENT - - -

DAN'L ---  
YO!  
VOLUNTEERED!

BUT--  
BEULAH  
BELLE!

I HEARD  
YOU, DAN'L!  
HAVE YOU  
NO CODE  
OF  
HONOR?



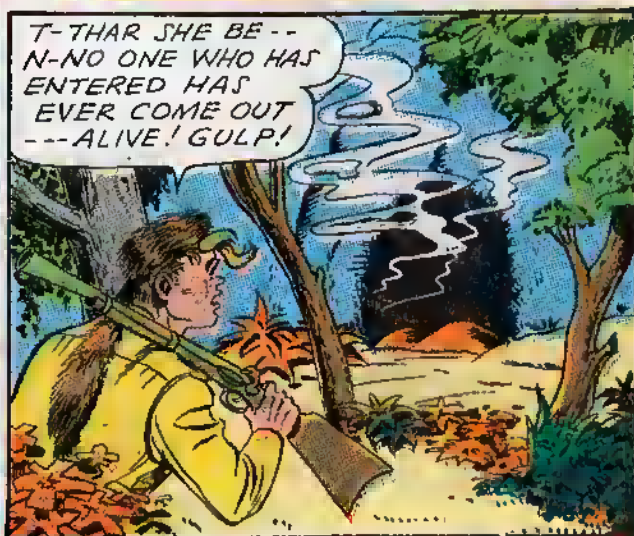
(SOB)  
G- GOODBYE,  
D- DAN'L--  
(SOB)

THAR-THAR,  
CHILD--HE'LL  
COME BACK--  
AH HOPES...



LATER...

AH OUGHT TO  
BE NEAR G-  
SMOKY CAVE  
BY NOW!



T-THAR SHE BE--  
N-NO ONE WHO HAS  
ENTERED HAS  
EVER COME OUT  
---ALIVE! GULP!

DON'T EVER DOUBT YOUR HOME-FRONT CHORE  
WILL HELP A LOT TO WIN THIS WAR



MEBBE AH CAN COAX  
DOODLE T' COME  
OUT OF TH' CAVE.

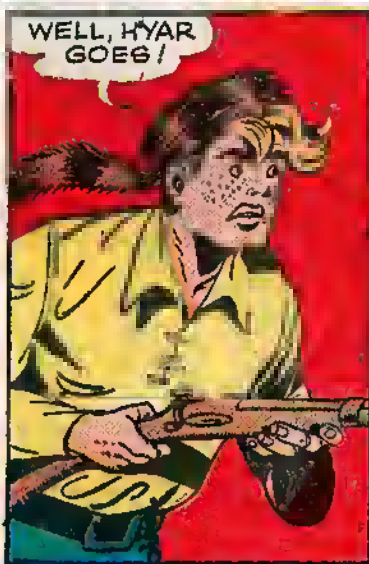


COME ON OUT,  
DOODLE ---  
AH'S COME  
TO CAPTURE  
YO'!



HAW, HAW! COME  
IN AN' GET ME!  
IFIN' YO' DARE!

YULP!  
LOOKS  
LIKE  
AH'LL  
HAVE TO!

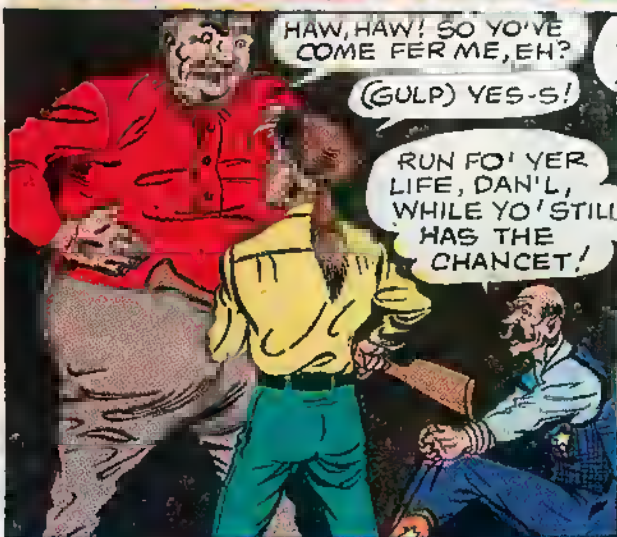


WELL, HYAR  
GOES!



HOWEVER, UNKNOWN TO DAN'L, IHUGGEM, THE  
GREAT BEAR TRAINED TO FIND THE ENEMIES OF  
INDIAN CHIEF, SO-POOR, SAUNTERS INTO THE  
CAVE BEHIND THE LAD!

SNIFF-SNIFF ---  
MAYBE I FIND AN  
ENEMY OF CHIEF  
SO-POOR IN HERE!



HAW, HAW! SO YO'VE  
COME FER ME, EH?

(GULP) YES-S!

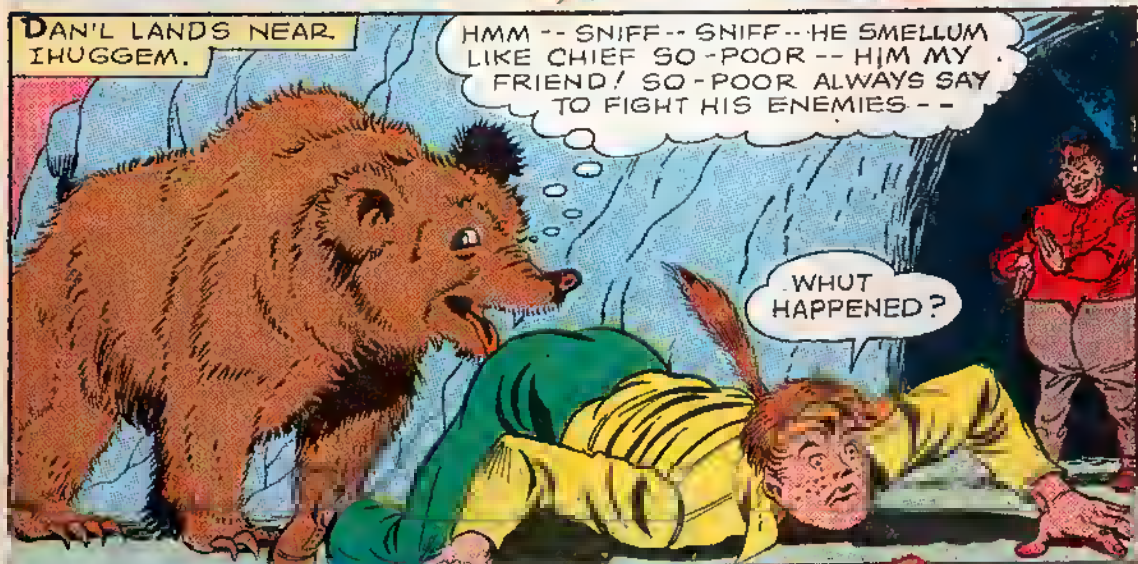
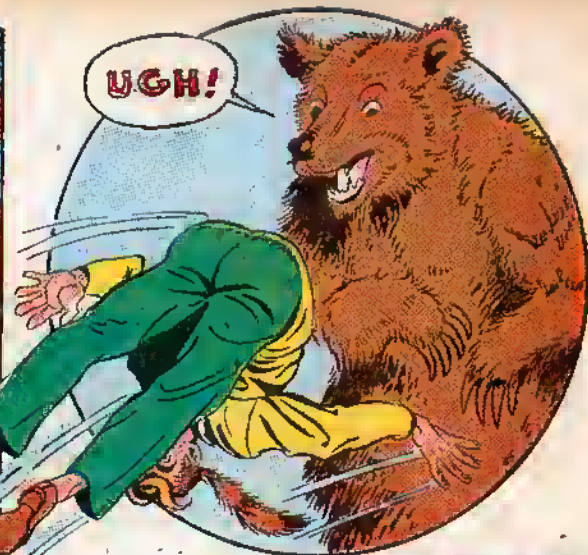
RUN FO' YER  
LIFE, DAN'L,  
WHILE YO' STILL  
HAS THE  
CHANCET!



H'YAR, BOY-- GIMME  
THET SHOOTIN' IRON  
AFORE YO' HURTS  
YO' SELF!

OW-W!







NOW I GIVUM  
INDIAN  
RUBDOWN.

OW-W!

THIS ONE FINE  
TRICK, SO-POOR  
TEACH ME!

HALP!  
HE'S  
AJUMPIN'  
ON ME!

SLAM!



AH'LL  
GET  
YO'  
OUT,  
SHERIFF.

THET B'AR...  
IT-IT'S ALMOST  
HUMAN ---  
AH CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!

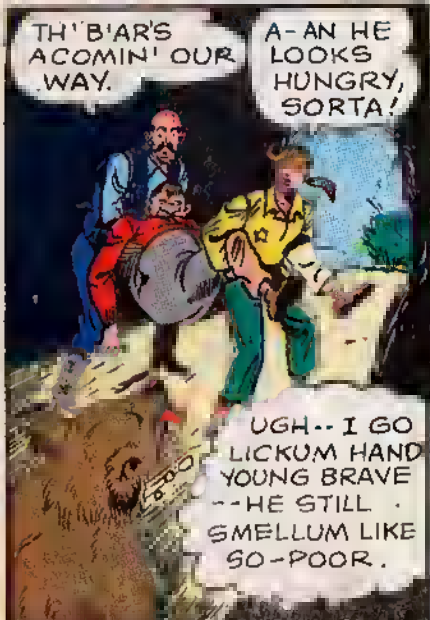
HURRY UP AN' TIE  
DESPERATE DOODLE  
UP BEFORE  
HE COMES  
AROUN'  
AGIN!

YO'  
BET!



TH' B'AR'S  
ACOMIN' OUR  
WAY.

A-AN HE  
LOOKS  
HUNGRY,  
SORTA!



UGH-- I GO  
LICKUM HAND  
YOUNG BRAVE  
--HE STILL  
SMELLUM LIKE  
SO-POOR.

RUN, DAN'L--  
THE B'AR'S  
ASNORTIN'!

AH'M  
ARUNNIN'!





MEANWHILE, BACK IN HOMESPUN CENTER, THE MOURNFUL CITIZENS ARE POSTHUMOUSLY PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO "DAID" DAN'L FLANNEL AND SHERIFF LAWHAW.

MAH FRANS -- WE'VE GATHERED H'YAR TO PAY TRIBUTE TO --

HOLD EVERYTHING!

HUH? WHUT'S TH' MATTER?

D-D-D-DA DA-DA-DA-



DAN'L!



H'YAR'S DESPERATE DOODLE!

WE GOT HIM!

THUNDERATION ---SO YE HAVE!



IT WAREN'T NOTHIN'!

NOPE! NOTHIN' AT ALL!

NEVER THO'T YO' CUD DO IT, DAN'L!



WHUT ARE YO' AGOIN' T' DO WITH THE REWARD MONEY, DAN'L?

TURN IT OVER TO TH' COUNCIL FO' CHARITY!



DAN'L, I ALWAYS KNEW YO' WERE NO COWARD!

YULP! HEY--LET ME GO!



# HERO

By DAVID MARKE

**H**OW Lincoln Harrison Jones became the idol of Brooking High is one of those once-in-a-lifetime stories. Never, in later years, was he to achieve so much with (as you might say) so little on the ball. Never before had he tasted the sweet fruit of hysterical popularity, hearing a thousand voices bellow his name, being carried through the streets of Brooking like a Roman conqueror.

And love was the answer.

It was the opening day of his senior term and all the lads and lassies were seated in assembly. And there was the **NEW GIRL**, boldly rouging her lips and smiling at him in her mirror as he sat right behind her.

Lincoln was knocked for a loop, and his heart did a Lindy Hop when, after assembly, Bubbles—that was her name—snuggled up against him in the aisle and cooed, "Hi, Big Boy!" Soon, however, she was the center of a giggling and wisecracking mob and Lincoln was relegated to the sidelines, pushed aside by athletic stars and student leaders.

That afternoon, he resolved to become a big shot. He would go out for football. He would become a second Red Grange or something, and Bubbles would see that he was the biggest big shot in the whole school. During some crucial game he would be running with the ball, Brooking needing a touchdown to win and only two minutes left to play. Everyone in the stands would be screaming "Lincoln," as he, affectionately known as "the

Galloping Galoot," raced toward the goal line.

In his ecstasy of daydreaming, Lincoln tripped on a curbstone and fell flat on his face. He was stiff in one knee the next afternoon when he reported to try out for the team.

Coach "Octy" Putt, a squat, lantern-jawed young man less gifted in science, which he also taught, than in athletics, for which he had been hired, scowled as he surveyed the lanky, hobbling figure with a too-small helmet which rode high on his ears.

"What YOU doin' out here, Jones?" he demanded suspiciously.

"I have decided to play football."

"Oh, yeah?" Putt had been hostile to Lincoln ever since the latter blew up his apparatus in junior chemistry.

A football, booted by Bozo Williams from the far end of the field thudded against the new candidate's helmet, jamming it down over his eyes. Jarred by the impact, Lincoln staggered blindly forward. A water bucket becoming entangled in his feet, he crashed to the ground.

Laughing boisterously, Putt surveyed the recumbent aspirant struggling to tear the helmet from his eyes.

"Okay, Jones!" the coach chuckled. "Maybe we can use you out here — for tackling practice."

Lincoln was determined to make good. And all the bruising and beating his body took during those crisp autumn afternoons only strengthened his will to achieve further fame.

Lincoln soon realized, however, that if he was to get anything more than barked shins and an inferiority complex out of football, he'd have to take measures — fast. Already the big game with Richard High of Gail City was only three weeks off.

Luckily, a new factor entered his life at this time—Journalism.

Through his uncle, manager of the "Gail Express," he landed a job as cub reporter assigned to send in stray sports items from Brooking.

The City Editor told Lincoln to write about football players.

"I don't mean the regular stars," the City Editor went on. "But try to find some good player they may be keeping under wraps for the big game with Richard High. This Coach Putt is a smart apple and there's a rumor around that he's deliberately holding back some of his best material to spring as a surprise."

"Yes, sir."

On his way to school, Lincoln thought over what the editor had said. He tried to figure out whom Octy Putt was hoarding on the second team. Most of the scrubs were spindly freshmen who didn't come up to Lincoln's ears. It was impossible to imagine them in such a role. There was only one possible conclusion: Putt had recognized the potential prowess of Lincoln Harrison Jones: feigning contempt for his ability, he was really holding him in reserve for the big game!

That afternoon at practice Lincoln trampled through his fellow scrubs to such good purpose that they stopped calling him "Bag Ears." Putt growled an approving word in his direction.

Two days later the coach was seen stamping on a crushed newspaper near the twenty-yard line. His neck was a violent purple.

"What blankety-blank reporter wrote this!" he howled. Lincoln felt his ears growing crimson, but thanks to his helmet they were not visible.

It was a small enough item, but had been blown up and captioned: "**GALLOPING GALOOT BELIEVED BROOKING HIGH WHITE HOPE.**"

Without naming the galoot, the story made it plain who was meant. Lincoln was glad



he had not confided to his team-mates that he was the "Gail Express" correspondent.

The next day, Octy Putt yanked his arm as he crouched in the scrub line.

"All right, Galoot. The papers say you can play football. I haven't seen it happen. But get out there anyway and work out with the first team. I wouldn't do this, only Taylor is down with hay fever and he may not be able to play!"

Lincoln's mouth fell open. Surprise and joy struggled for possession of his face. "Thanks, Coach!"

"GET OVER THERE, SAP!" Octy Putt screamed, purple color rising like a tide toward his beetled eyebrows.

Came the day of the big game. All Brooking journeyed to Gail City and the Gail folks — confident of victory — thronged in force to the football field.

For Lincoln Harrison Jones it promised to be the greatest day in his life. Strangely enough, his reputé rode high in the enemy camp while among his own teammates he was regarded as an Achilles heel.

Thanks to the stories he had written, a prolonged yell went up from the Richard bleachers when he was observed galloping out on the field.

"Stop Jones! Stop Jones! Get the Galloping Galoot!" was roared in one long chant by the opposition fans. "Smear that White Hope!"

From the field, Jones could see the Richard coach pointing him out to his hulking bruisers.

The bands were playing against each other and soon the game would commence. But first came a touching ceremony long a tradition at Brooking High.

From the sidelines a bevy of girls ran out on the field. Led by Bubbles, each girl carried a huge orange tiger lily — official flower of the school —

and these they proceeded to hand to the Brooking players. Suddenly, Bubbles shrieked, "Oh, what has happened to my ring! I had it on my finger a moment ago! Oh, won't someone look for it!"

The Brooking team flocked around and Lincoln scrambled down on his knees in the short grass.

"I'll be so-o-o grateful to whoever finds it," purred Bubbles.

But Coach Putt had other ideas. "All right, you girls, get off the field!" he barked. An official blew his whistle, the girls and the flowers were hustled to the sidelines, and soon the teams lined up for the kick-off — Bubbles' ring forgotten even by Lincoln . . .

That epic game has long been a matter of history. On left guard Lincoln early fell, the brunt of the onslaught as the Richard Ruffians, evidently acting under instructions, ganged up on him whom they had been led to believe was their most dangerous opponent.

It is likely that this illusion prevented them from scoring as they quite obviously deserved. For while Jones was being "stopped" on several occasions Bozo Williams ran around right end for substantial yardage. At any rate in the fourth quarter the score stood 18-14, with Richard High ahead.

Battered, groggy, Lincoln Harrison Jones crouched on the Richard twenty-yard line as the game moved to its close. As signals were being wearily called by Bozo Williams, Lincoln saw Gillespie watching him again with a vicious look in his eye. He knew what was coming, hoped only that the captain would vary his usual trampling technique.

"65-43-12—HEP!"

Just before the ball was snapped, Lincoln's foggy vision saw something glistening in the grass directly in front of Gillespie. Bubbles' ring! As the ball moved, Lincoln

plunged forward with an eager cry, aiming for the bright gem which might spell Bubbles' favor.

CRASH! He collided with Gillespie just before his fingers closed on it.

The next thing he knew his team was lined up on the other end of the field, Bozo having been chased clear back to his 45-yard line. There were only 40 seconds of play.

A substitute came running out to take Lincoln's place, but he was a moment too late. Every sense a quiver, Lincoln crouched again, dimly hearing the triumphant Richard yell. Far down the field, toward the enemy goal post, he could see where the ring must be.

"HEP!"

Like a cannon ball, Lincoln ploughed through the opposing line. He raced straight as a shot down the field to get the ring. Puzzled, the Richard backfield took after him.

He heard the sudden joyous cry from the Brooking bleachers, turned and saw over his shoulder the ball in mid-air pursuing him. Bozo had launched a desperate pass.

But now Lincoln was on the 20-yard line, and there at his feet lay Bubbles' ring — a gleaming fragment on the white chalk line.

The din became a roar as he stooped to pick it up. As his fingers closed on it, the earth shook with the thunder of his pursuers.

Turning to look at them, in a sort of startled way, he put out his arms as if to make them pause. Miracle of miracles, the ball fell straight into his arms. Automatically gathering it close to his bosom, he caught his balance and raced for the goal line. Would-be tacklers piled up where he had been.

Just as the finish gun went off, Lincoln — the White Hope of Brooking — crossed for a winning touchdown.

But Lincoln was thinking of Bubbles — and how grateful she would be.

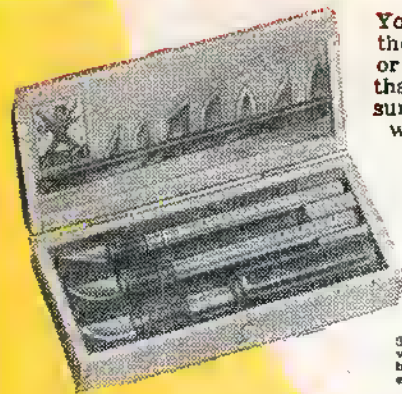
THE END



# X-ACTO KNIVES

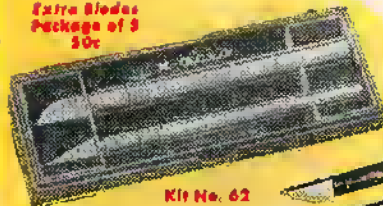
## THE PERFECT TOOL FOR A PERFECT MODEL

You wouldn't play baseball with a cracked bat? Well then why try to make a perfect model plane, ship, gun or train with dull, ordinary knives. Use the same knives that the experts use... X-ACTO! They're the finest in surgical steel carving and cutting knives you'll find anywhere. Always sharp and ready to use because the blades are interchangeable... just slip out the dull and insert a new sharp blade. Shaped to give you the point, angle, or surface you want for a particular cut. Quickly changes amateurs to experts. Write today for your X-ACTO knives... use the "Choice of the Experts."

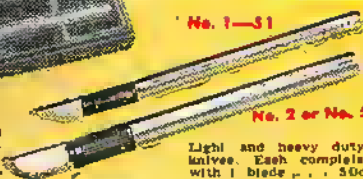


- No. 82 Knife Chest**  
3 X-ACTO knife handles with 12 assorted steel blades. Comes in wooden chest. Priced at \$3.50
- No. 83 Deluxe Champion Set**  
Same as No. 82. All bur-ashed aluminum handles and 20 assorted blades \$5.00 (See above)

Extra Blades  
Package of 3  
50c



**Kit No. 62**  
Double knife set, 3 handles and 12 assorted blades.  
Complete \$2.00.



Light and heavy duty knives. Each complete with 1 blade... 50c each. Same knives with 5 blades... \$1.00 each

Order your X-ACTO today... on display at most leading HARDWARE, NOBBY, SINGLES, etc. PAINTING stores... or send coupon direct to X-acto Crescent Products Co., 440 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y. If your dealer cannot supply you.

**4 BIG BOOKS**  
How To Build Solid Scale Model War Planes; The Whittlars' and Woodcrafters' Handbook; Twelve Techniques for the Artist, Student and Teacher; Commercial Artists' Handbook. Price 10c each.

**X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.,**  
Dept. 2712, 440—4th Avenue,  
New York 16, N. Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have shopped it is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund.  
☐ I will pay postman plus postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival.  
☐ Enclosed find \$... is full payment. (No postage charge.)  
X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82 \$3.50 ☐ Kit No. 83 \$5.00  
☐ Kit No. 62 \$2.00 ☐ No. 1 (light) with one blade 50c  
☐ No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00 ☐ No. 2 (heavy) with one blade 50c ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00  
(No C.O.D.'s on orders under \$2.00.)

**NAME (Please Print Plainly)** \_\_\_\_\_  
**STREET** \_\_\_\_\_  
**CITY & ZONE** \_\_\_\_\_ **STATE** \_\_\_\_\_  
**NOTE:** If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds

**NEVER A DULL MOMENT**  
**RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN**

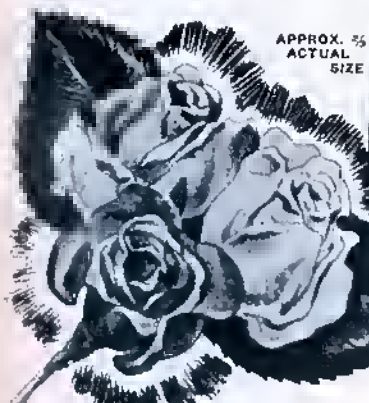


# Imagine! THESE LOVELY FLOWERS GLOW IN THE DARK

## DAY OR NIGHT, NEW FASCINATING GLAMOR FOR YOUR HAIR, DRESS OR COAT

More lovely, more unusual, more fascinating than any brooch, pin or hair novelty you may wear... these amazingly lifelike flowers are a marvelous bargain. By day they excite envious comment. By night, glowing like magic with a soft lovely light they become the rage everywhere. Now no need to wear the cheap looking pins one gets today, for you can have the most expensive looking ornament to lend sparkling new glamor to your appearance for every occasion, at a price so low it's really amazing. They're different. They're sensational.

APPROX.  $\frac{2}{3}$   
ACTUAL  
SIZE



### Dainty TEA ROSE CLUSTER GLOWS IN THE DARK

Small, chic style dictates a delicate cluster of soft-colored, "ceddly" rosebuds for certain costumes, and certain moods. Here's a lovely nestling cluster of 3 dainty Tea Roses that everyone adores. Rose, a pink, and yellow, almost fell blown, they're bewitching by day, and at night they glow softly, elegantly, with amazing new allure. And here's wonderous news! You can examine this splendid Tea Rose cluster on approval... wear it, thrill to its beauty, and if not delighted you pay nothing. Check Tea Rose on coupon and mail order today.

APPROX.  $\frac{2}{3}$   
ACTUAL  
SIZE

# Free!

**SINGLE TEA ROSE  
THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK  
Given FREE of Extra Cost  
with Any Order**

This delicately glamorous, alluring single Tea Rose that Glows In The Dark is waiting for you, and will be sent FREE of extra cost as your reward for prompt action, with any order. It's new, it's different! It's lovely. For your hair, dress or coat. And it's yours, given if you send coupon now.

**Mail  
Coupon  
Now!**

### Glamorous GARDENIA GLOWS IN THE DARK

There's nothing more enticing for your hair, dress or coat than this exquisite, enchanting, scented Gardenia. This lovely flower will not wither or die, but is yours to wear for any occasion. When you wear this magnificent Gardenia by day, folks admire. At night they exclaim in admiration as it glows in the dark. Yet you don't pay a big price, not \$5, not \$3, not even \$2 for this amazing flower, but only \$1 if you act at once. Mail on approval coupon today.

## ★ SEND NO MONEY... Here's more wonderful news!

You actually can treat these beautiful flowers that GLOW IN THE DARK, on approval! Yes, unless you're thrilled, delighted... unless your friends exclaim in admiration and envy for your glamorous possessions, your money back! You need send no money. Just check Flowers wanted on coupon. Note the special introductory, generous money-saving combination offers. All are truly amazing bargains. Send no money. Just mail coupon. On arrival, pay your postman the exact amount, plus postage (if money comes with your order we pay the postage).

Then examine, wear. Compare with any ornament it's possible to obtain, and after 10 full days, if you can bear to part with these lovely creations, simply return them for your money back. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then don't wait. Mail coupon now, while it's before you.

## CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 182-SS,  
407 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.  
Please send Glowing Flowers As I Have Marked.

**FREE TEA ROSE  
COUPON**

..... I want Glowing Tea Rose Cluster (to add to Free Single Tea Rose)

..... I want Glowing Orchid

..... I want Glowing Gardenia

NOTE: You may select any flower shown, or any assortment. Be sure to mark quantity.

☐ 1 Glowing Flower—\$1.00 ☐ 3 at one time—\$1.50

☐ 2 at one time—\$1.75 ☐ 7 at one time—\$5.00

[There is no tax on Glowing Flowers]

FREE with any order I glow to the Dark Single Tea Rose, for prompt action. Upon delivery I will pay postman the proper amount plus a few cents postage and C. O. D. charges.

Name .....

Address .....

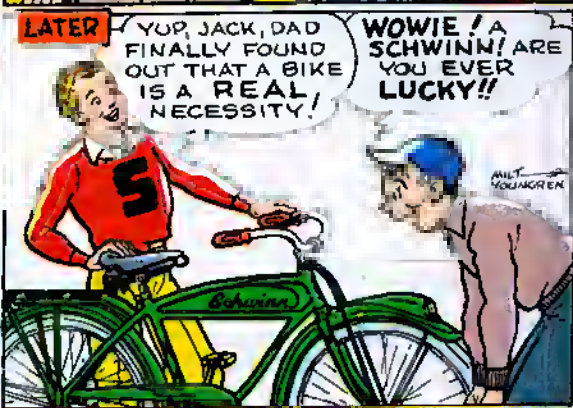
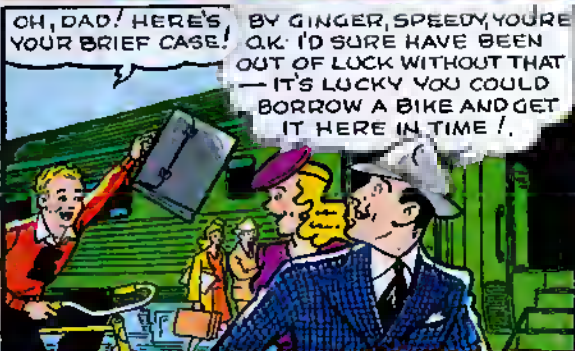
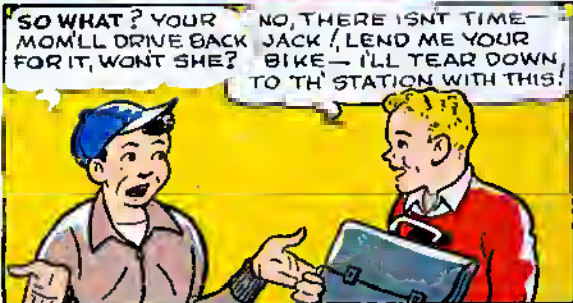
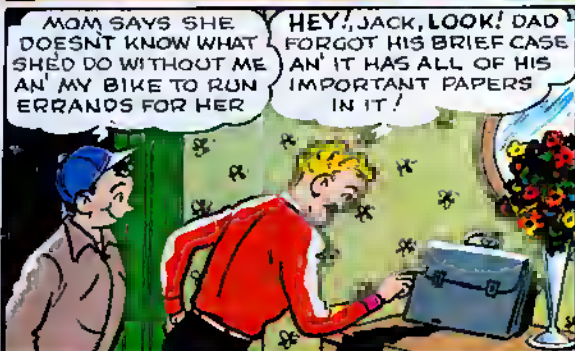
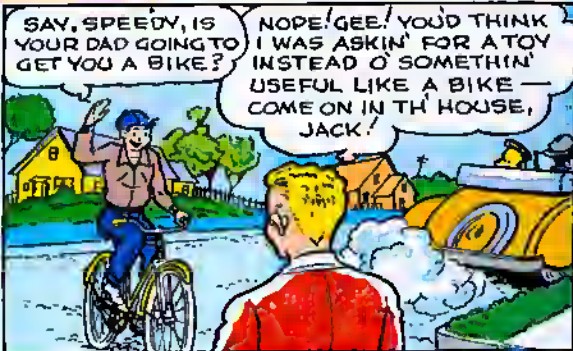
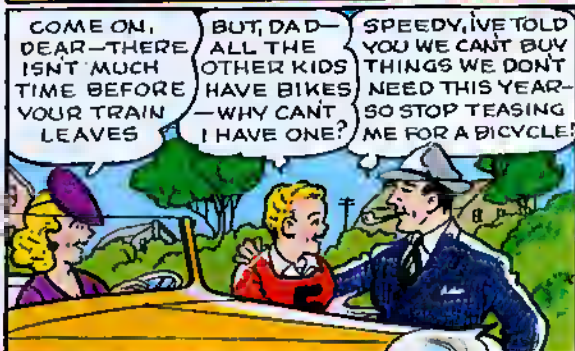
City .....

[Postage Provided if Cash or Money Order is Enclosed]

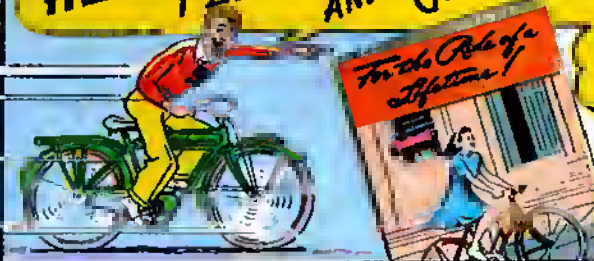
**CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 182-SS, 407 So. Dearborn St.  
Chicago 5, Illinois**

# SPEEDY WHEELER

SAVES THE DAY  
AND  
WINS A BIKE



HEY! FELLOWS AND GIRLS—



GET THIS BIG, EXCITING  
MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER

**FREE!**

It's super! Packed with color pictures of Hollywood headliners on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles—famous for speed, safety, easy-riding. It's yours free—but supply is limited. To get your copy—mail coupon right now.

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.  
1709 N. Kilbore Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder

Name

Address

Town

State



TARGET

V6.9

DEC. 1945

COVER	BUTTERFIELD	
CADET	JOE DONAHUE*	9
CHAMELEON	RYAN/ALLISON ?	7
DINK	HAMMER*	2
BULL'S-EYE BILL	ALBRIGHT*	5
CANDID CHARLIE	GUTH*	6
HAVE YOU HEARD?	HAMMER*	1
SCHOOL DAYS	GUTH*	1/2
TARGET	BUTTERFIELD	6
HOLIDAY QUIZ	HAMMER*	1
TARGETOONS	HAMMER*	1
DAN'L FLANNEL	SCHROTTER	5
(DAVID T. MARKE)	TEXT	2